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Under Personal and Miscellaneous 2/- per line. Other headings 1/6. (Min. 3 lines.)

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EDUCATIONAL

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SURREY-HAMPSHIRE BORDERS. HIGHWAY, FROYLE, nr. ALTON, HANTS. Telephone: Bentley 2104.

Country Mansion (en pension). Own fruit and vegetables. Good cooking and studied comforts. Frequent electric train service; on bus route; near Farnham. Lovely surroundings. Tariff on application.

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ADDERS, CALCULATORS, TYPEWRITERS and SAFES, etc., wanted for CASH. Highest prices.—TAYLORS, 74, Chancery Lane, London, Holborn 3763.

APPAREL. Highest prices returned for discarded Lounge Suits, Overcoats, Fur, Cloth, etc. of all kinds. Private owners may send with safety to Dept. C.L., JOHNSON, DYMOND AND SON, LTD., Auctioneers (Est. 1793), 24-25, Great Queen Street, London, W.C.2.

CARPETS AND BUGS of distinction purchased. Best prices given.—PEREZ, Carpet Specialists, 168, Brompton Road, S.W.3. Ken. 9878. (Between Harrods and Brompton Oratory), and 97, New Bond St., W.1. MAYfair 7008.

WANTED

CIGARETTE CARDS wanted for cash. Odds or sets, collections of cards bought. Especially wanted, cards issued before 1900 or just after. Must be perfectly clean.—C. J. LAMB, 1, Manor Cottages, Shoppengangers Road, Maidenhead.

FRIGIDAIREs, Hoovers, Washing Machines, Radios, any condition, purchased.—Write or 'phone SUPERVACS, 23, Baker St., W.1 (Wel. 9625 Tel. 9388); 53, High St., Slough (Tel.: 2085).

HEDGESHEAR wanted, or similar Electric Hedge Clipper, work off house supply.—RYAN, 153, Village Way, Beckenham.

IMITATION AND CULTURED PEARLS, Diamond, Gem-set and Gold Jewellery, Silver Cigarette Cases, Paste, Marcassite, Cameos, etc. Modern and Antique Silver; exceptional prices. Offers with cash by return. MILLER, Jeweller (Dept. C.L.), Llandrindod Wells (Bank of Barclays).

JELKS, Holloway Road, N.7, and Finchley, 12, offer good prices for modern and reproduction furniture, carpets, curtains, cake furniture, pianos, billiard tables, etc.—Phone: North 47, Hillside 3214 and 4477.

OLD ENGRAVED MUSIC wanted to purchase for cash.—THE FIRST EDITION BOOKSHOP, LTD., Hoggatts, Kingsley, near Bolton, Hants.

SPECIALIST Electrical Installations and Lighting Plants; old plants purchased; new or second-hand supplied. House and Farm Electrical Equipment.—H. H. HYWOOD, Electrical Engineer, 40, Coram Street, London, W.C.1. TERNism 6247.

WISH TO PURCHASE AFRICOT TREES. Please communicate CLARK, St. Evox, Troon, Ayrshire.

SITUATIONS VACANT

Subject to Government Restrictions

APPLICATIONS ARE INVITED for the position of LOCAL AGENT for the Guy's Hospital Herefordshire Estate. The position will be whole time at least for a period: The estate consists of approximately 17,500 acres, including 1,500 acres of woodlands. There are no farms in hand. A knowledge of modern farming methods, forestry, building and estate maintenance generally is essential. Applicants should have had previous experience in the management of a large estate and preference will be given to candidates with suitable qualifications.

Applications with full details of experience and salary required and copies of recent references or the names of referees to be sent to: B. LEES READ, A.C.A., The Guy's Hospital, Guy's Hospital, S.E.1, not later than 25th September, 1945.

EDUCATED COUNTRYWOMAN, interested in agriculture, dogs, horses, able to ride and drive car. Lady would like to hear from above to help her on private estate. Permanent post, good salary. Live in or out as preferred.—Box 236.

EXPERIENCED HEAD GARDENER wanted for country mansion, 2 others kept. Well versed in glass flowers and vegetables. Also an Under Gardener, willing to be useful.—Apply, stating full particulars of previous occupation, to "W.H.", Highway, Froyle, Alton, Hants.

EXPERIENCED GARDENER, Little glass; permanency for right man. Apply: 55 Ridgeway, Enfield.

FACTOR required for large West Invernesshire Estate. Knowledge of arable and sheep farming, forestry, repairs, accounts and sport essential. Must be energetic and good organiser. Sport preferred but suitable Englishman considered. Good house. Ideal post for ex-officer. Please reply fully, stating experience and enclosing references and photograph if possible.—Box 265.

REQUIRED, TWO LOVERS OF COUNTRY to housekeep for elderly couple. Scottish Country house. No rough work. Own suite furnished or unfurnished. Car driver preferred.—Box 268.

SITUATIONS WANTED

A.M.I.Mech.E. 6 years Garrison Engineer for War Department; accustomed all estate work; accounts, plans, estimates, buildings, roads, bridges, water supplies, pumps, drainage, electric power and lighting; central heating, etc. Seeks post as Resident Agent or Assistant on Estate. Available now.—Apply: Box 262.

CAVALRY OFFICER (pre-war and '39 to '45), total, 11.7, 16 years experience hunting, driving, chasers, polo, ridden and trained winners at home and abroad; seeks employment. Not afraid of work or responsibility. Fit, in practice, ready for anything.—Box 240.

GENTLEMAN seeks post in country (housekeeping or other congenial work) where invalid husband, needing absolute quietness, can be accommodated. Husband could, if necessary, undertake clerical or librarians' duties.—Box 266.

LADY experienced with horses and dogs, de-sirable situation. Preferably Sussex.—Box 268.

PARENTS with three daughters desire employment on gentleman's estate. Father, Electrical-Mechanical Engineer Surveyor; Daughters, Stenographer, Chauffeuse (ex-Service), Housekeeper, Caterer, Accounts, Banking.—Box 9.8.

RETIRED NAVAL OFFICER and Wife returning from Malta October, no home in England, wish job together in or near New Forest. Husband, hotel owner, wife accustomed to own business, experienced all stable management, dog breeding and riding lessons. Both keen, energetic workers.—Box 108, Harrods Advertis. Agency, S.W.1.

"COUNTRY LIFE" COPIES

For Sale "COUNTRY LIFE," 34 odd vols. between 1942-1944, £2. Complete set of "My Garden Magazine," 1934 to 1945, as new, £12. Ten vols. of "The Countryman," Oct., 1932 to Jan., 1939; "Spring, Autumn, Winter," 1943; "Summer, Autumn, Winter," 1944; "Spring, Summer," 1945, 25/-.—Box 238.

OTHER PROPERTY AND AUCTIONS

ADVERTISING PAGE 490.

COUNTRY LIFE

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SEPTEMBER 21, 1945



Harlip

MRS. JOHN PHIPPS

Mrs. John Phipps, daughter of the late Mr. Sidney Russell Cooke and of Mrs. Russell Cooke, of Pratts, Leafield, Oxfordshire, was married on September 6 to Major J. C. Phipps, elder son of Sir Edmund Phipps, of 21, Carlyle Square, Chelsea, and of the late Lady Phipps

COUNTRY LIFE

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A NATIONAL ATLAS?

RECENT Reports of the Ordnance Survey have told in detail the story of that Department's effective struggle to carry on—in spite of the paramount calls of military operations for staff and maps—with its invaluable peace-time tasks, and particularly with the revision and reorganisation of its large-scale plans. The economy axe hit the Survey badly in the inter-war years, and while the work of the Department was impeded and retarded by Government parsimony the face of the country was changing with a rapidity never previously dreamt of. Just before the war, it is true, things were speeded up. The demands of local authorities, of town planners and of all the professions concerned with the use and conveyance of land were at last listened to, and the aid of air photography was called in to hasten a temporary revision which would be sufficiently accurate to serve until a more basic revision was completed. This task has been carried on in the face of immense difficulty during a time when the Survey and its staff were engaged on war-work the importance of which none but experts can realise. And, apart from war-work, they have been laying the foundations for all the national planning and development of the next half-century. For the machinery of local planning and of land use is entirely dependent on the existence of accurate and accessible large-scale maps and plans.

While this monumental work has been in progress the Survey has also been taking a hand in the preparation—in concert with the Ministries interested—of a comprehensive record of the national life and resources of Great Britain. This record, which will make all projects of national and local reorganisation infinitely easier to envisage, takes the form of a series of ten-miles-to-the-inch maps depicting geological and physical structure, land use, mining, industry, administrative areas, population, communications and public utility undertakings. Some of the sheets are ready, some in the press and some in preparation, but when completed they will constitute that National Atlas for which the British Association called in 1939, and which they said, with truth, would mark a great step forward in the dissemination of accurate knowledge of the country among the general public. It will also be entirely invaluable to administrators, public men, educationists and research students, being a convenient assembly of all the chief data upon which decisions of national import must be based.

It is now some ten years since the mapping of agricultural land use was advocated in these pages by Dr. Dudley Stamp and the first tentative efforts, in which the help of the schools was enlisted, began. We now have a full-fledged

National Land Utilisation Survey and Dr. Stamp has been, throughout, a member of the Advisory Committee who have had the National Atlas project in hand. The land use maps now being produced go far beyond anything at first envisaged, and will be of the greatest help to the planner and the agriculturist. The Types of Farming map, for instance, which depicts seventeen main types, and is based upon the proportions of arable and grass land and the dominance of particular farming enterprises in each area, shows at once the economic pull of major markets as distinct from merely physical influences. There is also a Land Classification map which exhibits the quality of land, dividing it into ten main types according to inherent fertility. These maps of course supplement one another and their value will be further increased by the inclusion of the results of Sir George Stapledon's survey of grass lands in a "vegetation" map. With its twenty-three types of grass land indicated it shows at a glance where the up-grading of pasture land can be best effected.

FALLING STARS

*I WATCHED the star-storms, seven times seven,
Loosed from the hidden boughs of Heaven,
Fall through the air,
Like silver manna flying there,
And faint as elfland to my mortal ears
Fell the still music of immortal spheres.*

*Bell-flocks and bird-flocks have I heard and seen,
And Summer streams a-babble, and leaves a-blow,
And cheerful hum of human voices low—
All these have been
My ears' and eyes' delight;
But Lord in Heaven never until to-night
Have I, earthbound, been caught up to the skies,
With all Heaven's glory storming ears and eyes.*

ARNOLD VINCENT BOWEN.

REPLANTING WOODLANDS

THE importance of replanting war-felled woodlands as promptly as possible can hardly be overstressed. Certain weevil-infested sites might perhaps be left for two or three years, but where ordinary woodland weeds are the trouble, the sooner the ground is replanted with trees the better. First, however, the sites need to be fenced and cleared of rabbits: it was pathetic to read recently of an owner who had replanted before fencing, and then, being deprived of labour for fencing, had lost all his young trees to the rabbits. The lop-and-top which has been left by the Timber Control on many war-felled sites adds greatly to the expense of clearing the ground for replanting: one correspondent in *The Times* has told how, when he protested at the time about the leaving of lop and top, he received the answer that "if the lop and top was cleared, the expense of this must be deducted from the amount paid for the timber." Another has since commented:

It does not seem generally known that a legal decision of the case *Skipwith v. Homewoods Sawmills, Limited*, of March 30, 1938, Chancery Division, adjudicated the term "timber" as including "lops and tops"; and damages were awarded the plaintiff for the defendants' failure to remove them with the timber. Unless this liability was excluded from the Government contract it should be determined by the same decision.

That certainly seems fair, especially since so many owners lost heavily by the felling of immature trees, but, whatever the legal position, it is most desirable that our ravaged woodlands should as soon as possible be growing good trees again and not rubbish. Labour should be more plentiful in the near future and the lop and top complication may be eased by the great need for firewood during the coming Winter, but there seems to be a grave danger of delay through questions of cost and divided responsibility. In the circumstances the Minister of Agriculture might surely take some immediate step to resolve the doubts of owners, especially since the woodlands "dedication" scheme is still only a project and not a working system.

NEW NAMES FOR OLD

IT is always interesting to see what titles new peers will take, and a recent batch of those highly distinguished by their war services seem

to be in something of a quandary. The three are Sir Alan Brooke, Sir Andrew Cunningham and Sir Charles Portal. It has grown into a custom, though there have been exceptions such as that of the Earl of Ypres, for Service peers to retain their surnames in their titles, but in the case of these three there is a difficulty, since there already exist a Lord Brooke, a Lord Conyngham (who pronounces his name in the same way as does the Admiral) and a Lord Portal. There is one resource in the new peer taking his own name with the addition "of somewhere" which in this case becomes an integral part of the title. Lord Brabazon of Tara furnishes a recent and euphonious example. But it must be hard work for a man constantly to sign himself "of Somewhere" at full length, if for instance the somewhere has as many letters in it as Seringapatam. The obvious and agreeable way out is for the new peer to take a territorial title. It is true that he is thus apt to lose his identity for a little while. To read a debate in the House of Lords to-day is often to rack the brain as to who somebody once was and often to give it up as a bad job as did the butler of the story who announced the new Lord Magheramorne as "The late Sir James 'Ogg'."

HERALDRY AND HISTORY

THIS question of peers and their titles concerns the officers of the College of Heralds and, *à propos*, Garter King of Arms has lately made a suggestion which should evoke much sympathy. It is that the College should be added to so as to make room for an heraldic museum and possibly an heraldic library, both to be open to the public. The charming old building in Queen Victoria Street was mercifully untouched by bombs, but some of its neighbours were less fortunate, so that it seems that there is now room for the College's extension, and now is clearly the time to do it. Heraldry may not be of any practical use in the modern world, but it is a most engaging study, full of tradition and beauty and romance, things the value of which is not to be estimated in any utilitarian coinage, but are infinitely well worth preserving for their own sake. Moreover, the records of heraldry are inextricably bound up with the history of England. Eleven years ago the College of Heralds celebrated the 450th anniversary of their creation by an exhibition of their treasures and the public flocked fascinated to see it. That is not really to be wondered at, for the eternally romantic child that is in nearly everyone adores a coat of arms and would welcome the chance of seeing such lovely things as the College has to show. Admittedly there is the question of money, but it is to be hoped that some heraldically minded and public-spirited body may step forward, before the opportunity is lost.

FALLIBLE PROPHETS

ONE of the pleasanter events in a small way that came with peace and made us feel that the war was really over was the return of our old friend the weather forecast both on the wireless and in our morning newspaper. Yet it would be idle to deny that like other peace-time returns, such as that of petrol in microscopic quantities, it has proved disappointing. Perhaps we were led to expect too much from the success of those who foretold the conditions for bombing raids, and forgot that those prophets had one target and not a large tract of country to deal with and that their forecasts had not to endure so long. Again, though that would be entirely unfair, we may be prejudiced against them because in this Summer of our discontent they have necessarily had such grim, grey, depressing things to tell us. Even so they seem to have erred on the side of optimism and we have wanted our umbrellas oftener than they led us to believe. Learned persons tell us that it is all the fault of the Polar anti-cyclone that has unduly favoured Scotland and driven the Atlantic depressions towards the Bay of Biscay, whence they descend on England in treacherous raids. They are so far right that it has been fine weather for those who are well wrapped up, as the Polar bear said as he was practising his skating.

A COUNTRYMAN'S NOTES . . .

By

Major C. S. JARVIS

THERE are three features of this time of the year, which to my mind are more reliable as reminders that Summer unfortunately has come to an end, and Autumn is at hand, than are the yellowing of the leaf, the reddening of the berry and the blossoming of the Michaelmas daisy, all of which vary according to the temperature and rainfall of the season. These three features are the thin, but sweet, notes of the robin, the gossamer flutter of the daddy longlegs in the dewy meadow grass, and the late hatch of the well-dressed and brilliant red admirals, who are obviously not restricted as to clothes coupons, and whose caterpillars have been doing their small best on the neighbouring nettle patch during the Summer. I welcome the advent of all three, despite the fact that they are phenomena indicating that dread Winter is just round the corner: the robin because the extremely high pitch of his small voice is such that he is one of the few birds I can hear easily despite my disability; the red admiral because his glorious colour scheme comes to brighten a garden past its best; and the daddy longlegs as he awakes happy memories of long days on Loughs Corrib and Mask plying, what the Irish call, the "harry dap," for the daddy in Eire is always the harry longlegs.

THERE are two daps on the big lakes of Western Ireland, the mayfly and the harry, and of the two I think I prefer the harry because of the certainty of his appearance in the latter days of August and the beginning of September, whereas his opposite number in the late Spring, the mayfly, can never make up his mind when he will come forth. There is nothing quite so exasperating as the discovery at the end of the long journey across the Irish Channel and the width of Ireland that the mayfly is not up yet, though a week or more overdue; and I am not so philosophical about these situations as are those of my confirmed sea-trouting friends, who go annually—or did in other days—to the West coast of Scotland or the Hebrides in search of their favourite fish. These stout-hearted optimists seem to come back with the same sad story every time: "No water in the rivers, no trout up and no fishing, but all the same we did enjoy the sea air and the change." With regard to this change of air, which we have been taught to believe is essential at this time of year, we have an expression in our family now which is more in accordance with present-day conditions, and when a member goes away to stay with friends or relations it is referred to as a "change of sinks."

IN the world of gun, rifle and rod there are certain moments of keen excitement and anticipation, which one always remembers. With the gun, when one stands in one's hide on the marshes, and innumerable duck splash and quack around one as one waits for the watch to tick over slowly to zero hour, when there will be the resulting swoop of hundreds of birds on the wing on the report of the first cartridge. With the rifle, the moment comes when a long and wearisome climb round the rocky mountain's side has at last brought one to the selected spot, from which one should be able to align the sights at a distance of 50 yards, on the previously-located ibex with the 36-in. head. And with the rod, it is on a dapping day in Ireland when from the slowly drifting boat one



M. T. Pollit

SCENE—A VILLAGE. SHERE, SURREY

sees, a hundred yards in front, at the tail-end of a small islet, the constant boil and splash of the big trout, which are snapping up the harrys as they are blown off the land to the surface of the lake.

* * *

AT the duck shoot something may go wrong at the last moment, such as a mattock-carrying *fellah* starting to dig his plot within ten yards of one's hide, or an eagle taking up his fluttering stance immediately overhead. The ibex may have heard that cough, which one failed to stifle entirely, or a contrary puff of breeze may have carried one's scent forward, so that the frightened animal is a mile away on another mountain, and still travelling. But when the trout are feeding furiously on harrys in a certain spot, and one's dapped natural flies are floating down towards them, nothing can intervene to prevent the anticipated strike as one's bait disappears in a splashing rise. The trout is a capricious fish, and will refuse at times, and for no reason, the best-thrown dry or wet fly, or minnow, but there is never a trace of hesitation when one floats the real harry over a feeding two- or three-pounder. I might add that whether the strike sends the hook well home, or expends it vainly in the air, is very much a matter of chance, and depends on one's ability to check that quick response to a rise, which is so essential on a chalk-stream, but so fatal when using the dap on the big loughs. If the Irish boatman has his rod up, however, it will be noticed that the hooking of the trout follows the rise and resulting strike almost as surely as night follows day.

* * *

AS I write these lines on Irish dapping I have been reminded tactfully that there is a third and most important insect, which as a dap will play his part nobly when the harry fails. Something large and green flew through the open window and landed with a flop on the paper, and I now remember the long and successful fight with the five-pounder on Lough Mask, which at the end of a dull day fell to the charms of a large green grasshopper.

* * *

THERE is something about the name "peregrine," which, it would seem, the average countryman regards as foreign, and which he refuses to pronounce correctly; and in Dorset the farm labourers and fishermen who inhabit that part of the cliff coast frequented by the peregrine falcons usually refer to them as "they there perrygreen falcon'awks." A friend of mine, fishing a mountain lough in

County Donegal this year, saw a peregrine flying across the lake at a low altitude with a dead grouse in its talons, and followed by two other falcons in screaming attendance. He called the boatman's attention to them and surmised that it was a mother falcon with her young following her to a meal.

"Begob it isn't," said the gillie-cum-keeper in disgust. "It's another pair of the — trying to take the bird away from her. Thim pelican hawks is the devil, and have the grouse destroyed entirely."

* * *

MY experiences cause me to think that a monument should be raised in some prominent situation in London to one community in this land of ours, whose claims to fame for stout endurance have so far been overlooked. They are an uncomplaining community, as I have never heard its voice raised in sorrow or anger, or even in self-pity, and they must have suffered more than any other class during the years of war, and will continue to suffer for—who knows how many more—years of this peace which passes all understanding.

The community I refer to is that vast crowd of office and other workers, who live in the suburbs or country, and who struggle every morning to their desks in London, and fight their way home again in the evening. I have just the faintest inkling of the life they must lead, and, as a countryman who escapes all these things, the thought of their sufferings brings tears to my eyes. I do not know what form the monument should take as the obvious one, a statue of a pin-stripe-suited and attaché case-carrying man, with his contours, if any, flattened in a queue, and his hat tilted over his eyes, is not the sort of thing one puts on plinths; neither is another obvious one of the same person in the backward staggering pose of the discard from the over-full bus. Perhaps a modest plaque, bearing a modest testimony to "Those Who Stood and Waited" might suit the case.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT has asked me to administer in these Notes a stiff reprimand to those unthinking and selfish gardeners who at this season of the year start a weed bonfire on every warm and sunny evening so that all the neighbours down wind of the conflagration are driven from their gardens and are unable to enjoy the fruits of their labours. On some occasions, I am told, the smoke is so dense and acrid that it is necessary to wear a gas mask if one wishes to pick a few peas for dinner, and if one beats a retreat to the house all the win-

dows have to be closed. The letter arrived at an awkward moment as I had just started an outsize in rubbish bonfires myself, but my conscience did not prick me as it might have done because down wind of me there is nothing but open Forest for some twenty miles. I can quite understand, however, if one's address should happen to be, say, No. 23, — Avenue, that life becomes almost insupportable when with a suitable wind some twenty-two neighbours on the weather side of one's garden start up bonfires. The only remedy I can think of is the very obvious and not entirely satisfactory one of retaliation, which never seems to get one anywhere, but the residents in Nos. 1 to 22 might possibly rid themselves of the bonfire complex if on a change of wind those living in No. 23 and onwards started fires, in which strips of old rubber had been inserted.

* * *

MY correspondent asks why it is that these bonfires should occur, seeing that every horticultural expert in the land is urging the

need for more humus in the soil, and the slogan "put that weed on the compost heap" is constantly dinned into our ears. I do not know the answer, unless it is that the average Briton is getting sick and tired of being ordered about and controlled by officials, and is reaching the stage where he revolts. Possibly, however, the erring gardeners have discovered, as I have, that there are certain weeds which flourish rather than rot in a compost heap, and among them I would number nettle roots, docks, buttercups and the Mark III outsize in couch grass, a comparatively rare growth, of which I raise a magnificent crop annually.

* * *

AMONG a big collection of Middle Eastern snapshots shown to me the other day I was particularly interested in one of a group of officers. It was quite the largest group I have ever seen in the course of my military career—bigger even than that which used to be taken during courses at the Hythe School of Musketry which members from every unit in the Army attended. There were rows and rows of officers:

tall officers and short officers, thin officers and fat officers, spectacled officers and non-spectacled officers, and officers lying, sitting and standing with the last rows fading away into the dim distance, and merging into the background of date palms. In amazement I asked what was the occasion of this vast assembly of commissioned ranks, and was informed that the group consisted of the officers of the Intelligence Branch in one of the Middle Eastern States.

In awe and admiration I looked at the concentration of selected intelligence. In the years between wars, when affairs in this corner of the Middle East were never particularly settled, and when rebellions, risings and raids occurred with frequency in one or other of the bordering countries, the Intelligence Branch of this small state's police force was run by one officer and two assistants, with what appeared to be marked efficiency, but one realises now the number of things they must have left undone, and how the paucity of their numbers must have frustrated them at every turn.

NATIONAL PARKS IN SCOTLAND

A REVIEW OF THE SURVEY COMMITTEE REPORT By FRANK WALLACE

THE Scottish National Parks Survey Committee, an "informal" body appointed in January, 1944, "to advise upon the areas of Scotland which might be suitable for National Parks" in four or five years, issued its report in June. The Committee consisted of a chairman, Sir Douglas Ramsay; Dr. Fraser Darling; Mr. Moir, Honorary Secretary of the Scottish Youth Hostels Association; Dr. Geddes, Survey Officer; Dr. Taylor, secretary, who was succeeded by Mr. Macphail in March; and Mr. Thomsen, (now deceased). With our passion for fair play it may be wondered why no representative of the owners of lands involved should have been included.

A long list is given of "Bodies from whom suggestions were received" but it does not appear that any private individuals were consulted. Nor does it seem that owners were advised as to the arrival of any of the Committee to inspect the ground; nor were local inhabitants asked to express their views. In all thirty or forty deer forests are affected—it is not easy to define their exact number from

the small map supplied with the Report—chiefly in Inverness-shire and Ross-shire. A few (notably Blackmount) are situated in Argyllshire; a few in Perthshire. Angus, Aberdeenshire and Sutherlandshire are scarcely affected. In Inverness-shire, particularly, nearly all the best forests are scheduled as Parks.

With the establishment of such Parks no one with any sense will quarrel, but before making decisions it is necessary to define exactly their purpose, scope and the system by which they will be controlled. On these points (which, regrettably, appear to be outside the terms of reference of the Committee) the somewhat wordy definition of National Parks fails to throw much light.

Nature Reserves

Broadly speaking such Parks fall under two headings—

- (a) Picnic Parks, intended to provide lungs for city dwellers (which appear to be the chief need in this country), and

- (b) areas devoted to the maintenance of wild life.

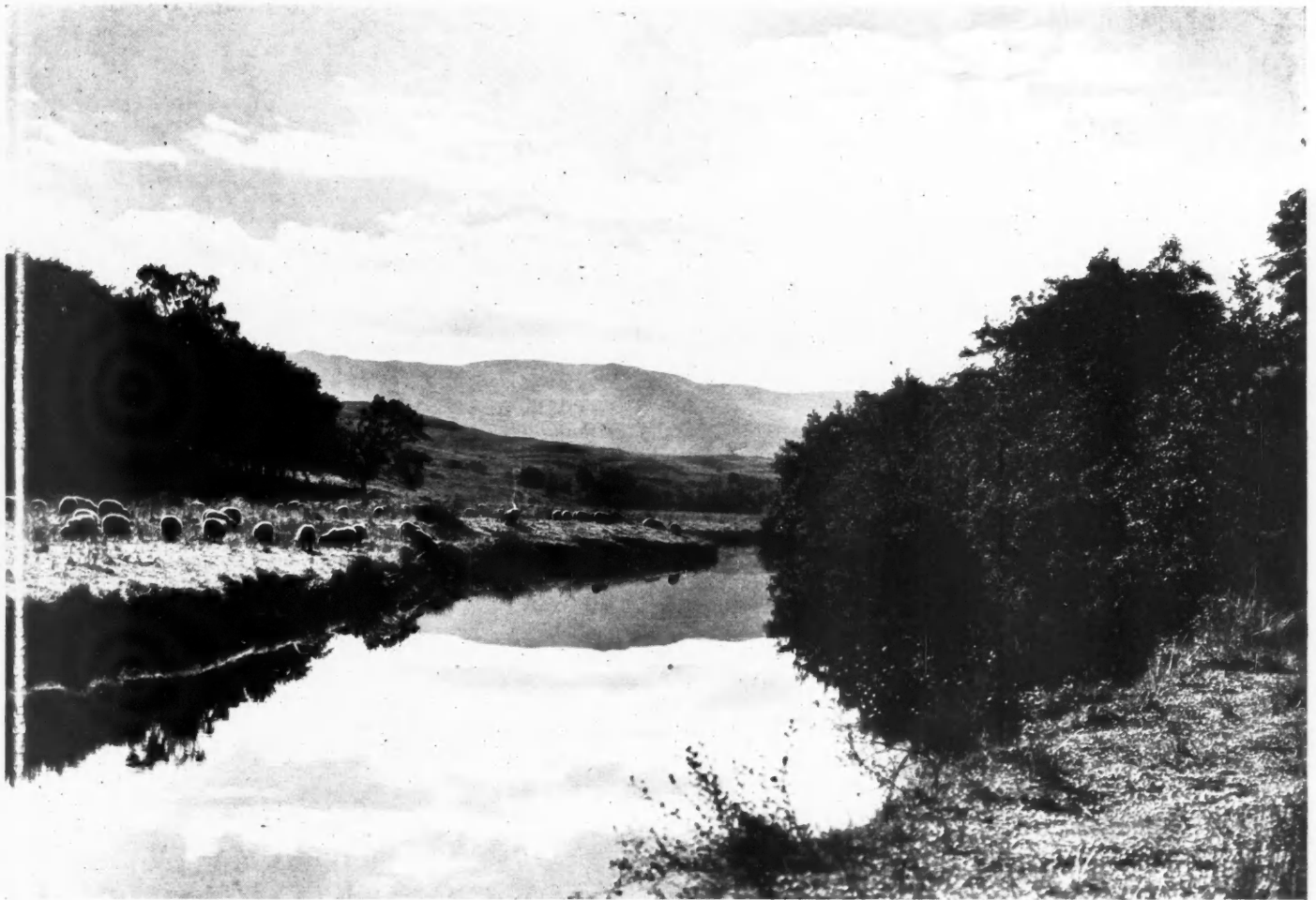
The latter, necessarily, include features which may be absent in the former.

Nature reserves, again, may be said to fall into two categories. First, those intended to provide sanctuaries for wild life in danger of disappearing; and, second, areas primarily devoted to some other purpose, such as forestry, where regulations in force in the first may be relaxed.

On the continent of North America, in Africa and in Asia such reserves have been formed to protect species like the musk ox, bison, certain antelopes, deer, and wild cattle. In these reserves, as in the Yellowstone Park in the U.S.A., no one is allowed to shoot or carry firearms except State rangers and game wardens. In certain other areas in the second category it is possible to take out a licence and shoot a limited number of animals under fixed regulations. No such areas exist in this country. The Standing Committee of National Parks, before the war, pointed out that the case



THE DISTANT CUACHILLINS IN THE ISLE OF SKYE



THE RIVER TEITH IN THE TROSSACHS

for National Parks stood on a footing different in Scotland from that of those in England and Wales. It looked to Scotland for the establishment of parks for the preservation of wild life.

The establishment of these would be welcomed by all. They need not be large, but small reserves might well be established for the preservation of the pine marten, and such species as the badger and otter, where these animals and their habits in a wild state could be studied.

The late Lord Onslow suggested that wild cattle might be re-established in reserves of this nature, as well as reindeer, wild pig and beavers. He added stoats, weasels and foxes. These, during the last six years, have appeared to be in no danger of extinction. Readers will probably have their own comments to make on their inclusion. At any rate, so long as the

Forestry Commission flourishes, foxes are unlikely to disappear.

Picnic Parks

There remain Picnic Parks. For these, accessibility is the chief consideration. They should be near a main road or railway, and are, in reality, public pleasure grounds where a holiday may be taken in beautiful and natural surroundings. Many people require no additional attractions. Others, more actively inclined, may demand rock climbing, hiking, or some other active form of exercise.

To say, as does the Report, that it is necessary to acquire 1,870 square miles, with an additional reserve of 730 square miles, to provide such facilities, may appear somewhat of an over-statement. Clive, attacked for undue

exuberance regarding the matter of loot, exclaimed that he was astounded at his own moderation. It is permissible to wonder if similar sentiments did not animate the gentlemen who drew up the Report. Regarding the total acreage scheduled, they announce that they do not consider it unreasonable to devote one-seventh, about half the area devoted to deer forests in pre-war time (much of which, incidentally, should never have been afforested!), to the purpose in view.

From a practical point of view advantages possessed by a National Park as distinct from a National Trust appear nebulous. Under a National Trust, Kintail and Dalness, extending to 37,000 acres of magnificent scenery and steep hill-sides, unsurpassed anywhere in the British Isles, already provide facilities for rock-climbing and hiking.

The Report schedules as No. 1 on the priority list, the Loch Lomond-Trossachs area (320 sq. miles). There is much to recommend such a choice. It fulfils the first requisite, accessibility, being close to the industrial belt and provides beautiful scenery.

It may be wondered why, in the whole of the Report, no mention is made of the Athole area, on the main highway from south to north, possessing attractions and historic associations superior to those in many other districts. It appears, too, that the islands are expressly excluded. Why, it is not easy to understand. The Isle of Skye, steeped in mist and romance, is, in reality, so close to the mainland as to be scarcely an island, and far more easy of access than many of the localities named. It provides excellent rock-climbing in the Cuchullins, and would appear suitable as a Park in every respect. In these days of air-travel other islands might well be included in the scheme, especially for the purpose of bird-watching, whose devotees are daily increasing.

In the establishment of National Parks it is only reasonable that the whole question should be reviewed from a wide basis. Scotland is a small country of which the Highlands are



FIVE SISTERS OF KINTAIL



LOCH TULLA AND THE TOP OF BLACK MOUNT

only a part. Agriculture, forestry, parks, hiking and tourism all have claims, some more important than others, to be considered. In addition there is sport.

The Future of Sport

For long sport has played a large part in Highland affairs. It has provided employment for many; it has paid a very large contribution to the rates; it has brought large sums of money into districts which could have obtained little from other sources. All the activities named should be regarded from one standpoint. The ideal development would be a body of experts under a superlative chairman, with the qualities of an Eisenhower.

I have heard it stated by supporters of the Report as it stands, that very little alteration in existing conditions would ensue. "Everything," they say, "will go on just the same. There will be a few visitors but not many, and stalking and shooting and fishing will continue as before."

There is no necessity for the creation of National Parks on so large a scale if those who are supposed to take advantage of them are so few. But let no mistake be made. The threat of their advent will be sufficient. It will not be possible to create Parks on the scale suggested without the destruction of the value of deer forests as contributors to the rates. What the effect of their establishment will be on lands adjoining remains to be seen. No forecast is possible until the conditions for their maintenance are stated. The establishment of such Parks will not merely curtail the privileges of a minority; it will destroy an existing asset which should be regarded as a national one.

If the area scheduled in the Report were of no value to the nation save for Parks there would be no need for discussion. It is however, from this area that large sums, in a proportion greater than those contributed by any existing industry in the Highlands counties, are handed over to the National Exchequer. That the time has now come for that industry to be overhauled and put in order cannot be denied. The whole question hinges on whether sport shall be officially recognised as a national asset or allowed to decline. Deer forests should be scheduled; deer should be regarded as game (except on certain lands) and given a close season. If sport is to be entirely disregarded or discouraged there is no more to be said. Properly handled it can be made of great value to the community, financially and otherwise.

A Clear Policy

It may be argued that National Parks should be created as a defence against such

schemes as the Hydro-Electric. If it is once determined that schemes of this sort are in the interests of the nation it is unlikely that these will be defeated by arguments of this kind.

What then should be done? Unless there is serious local opposition, the Loch Lomond-Trossachs Park appears to have few objections. To this might be added the Ben Nevis area which, with Dalness and Kintail, would provide ample scope for climbers and hikers. Skye has many attributes which make it well adapted for a Park.

There are many owners of deer forests who wish to sell their estates. The sensible course would be for the State to purchase a large deer forest and run it on the lines suggested by the Lord Provost of Elgin in his interesting article which appeared in the *Glasgow Herald* on April 16 last. A good hotel or hotels would be needed, hostels for hikers, good roads and paths, and a clear settled policy as to how the area was to be run. Stalking might be arranged in September and October; and, above all, good trout fishing. If the scheme was a success, more land could, later, be acquired. Why, at present, schedule the enormous area recommended in the Report without knowing whether it is necessary?



AMPLE SCOPE FOR CLIMBERS—DALNESS

The possibilities latent in the development of loch fishing on proper lines have not yet been realised. They are enormous and should be examined without delay. Scotland, unfortunately, is not blessed with a climate which, from the tourism point of view (so intimately connected with National Parks), can be relied on to deliver the goods. The only counter to this national shortcoming appears to be fishing—for fishermen do not seem to mind whether the weather is wet or fine! There are thousands of lochs, many of them easily accessible, which are hardly ever fished from one year's end to the next. The undeveloped potentialities here lying idle should be investigated by a properly constituted body and fully developed.

In addition, appropriate areas should be set aside as bird sanctuaries. Birds are much more in need of protection than are the majority of mammals, and a really good Government hotel, with hostels, providing accommodation for bird watchers, properly supervised, would seldom be empty. Dozens of people would go to these who would never go near a deer forest. Of suitable localities selected, some should be near the sea.

A National Asset

For the past five years, by articles in that portion of the Press which has been good enough to allow me space and in all other ways open to me, I have urged the necessity for regarding sport as a national asset. As such it was regarded by almost every other country in times of peace. There are large areas useless for anything else. There are others better suited to different activities to which they should be devoted. In many such, sport could also flourish, provided that there was mutual goodwill. To destroy unnecessarily an existing asset seems pointless. Sport is a means of attracting many foreign visitors to our shores and, though other countries are more blessed than are we with possibilities of this nature, there is no reason to neglect what assets we have.

So far my efforts appear to have met with singularly small success. I am no reactionary. By what sportsman the sport is enjoyed is not at the moment of concern so long as it is pursued in a sportsmanlike manner. It is the necessity for saving the sport that is important. That it is of importance no one who has studied the question impartially can doubt. I am sure that in the last six years there have been not a few, but many, who can say that not only their liberty but their lives were owed to knowledge gained on the hill, and by participation in field sports. Such opportunities can be destroyed with comparative ease. To rebuild or replace them is a much harder task. Let that fact be borne in mind before irrevocable decisions are taken.

BEEHIVE MYSTERIES

By C. N. BUZZARD

AN inexperienced beekeeper, studying his "book of the words," will learn that bees, like cows, dogs and horses, need water, and, if he or she follows the precepts set forth in most bee handbooks, will diligently place a small trough or receptacle close to the hives and keep it filled with clean water. To enable the poor helpless insect to drink, without wetting its feet or wings, little pieces of cork or wood will be placed floating on the surface.

I did this myself when I commenced bee-keeping, but, being of an enquiring and experimental frame of mind, I carefully inspected the little water troughs several times a day to watch any bees drinking or fetching water. I was much disappointed never to find any bee at my prepared watering-place.

I do not deny for a moment that bee-keepers may frequently provide drinking-places which are crowded with watering bees, but I have not seen them. I have, however, seen several drinking-places highly patronised, but such sources of water were found by the bees and not furnished by me for the purpose.

The question of the amount of water required by a hive, and the way it is delivered and distributed seems to have received little attention by naturalists. I have found little written on the subject. I can only regret that I have not an observation hive, through the glass sides of which I might try to study the movements of water-carriers. But how difficult this would be! Lubbock tried to find out whether marked bees returned to the same portion of a hive every time but his results were inconclusive, at least for so accurate an observer, owing to the difficulty of following marked bees among such numbers. But what little he recorded tended towards an affirmative answer to the question.

According to some French naturalists, a



PIECES OF CORK OR WOOD ARE PLACED ON THE WATER IN TROUGHS TO ENABLE BEES TO DRINK WITHOUT WETTING THEIR FEET OR WINGS

strong beehive in the Summer season will need something like a pint of water a day. Now a bee is said to be able to carry about the fiftieth of a drop on every journey—this, also according to French authorities. So, if these two statements be correct, a great number of bee journeys must be necessary to fulfil the daily requirements of a large hive.

Now, although bees arriving with nectar can be seen handing this over to young workers for storage in the cells, what on earth does a water-carrier do with the water? I have never seen cells filled with water, instead of with honey or pollen; nor have I heard of anyone reporting the presence of any minute water

tanks in a hive. The bees must pass it round in some way or other.

The water-carriers are the most strenuous workers of the hive. You will see them coming and going when the weather is abominable, when all other bee activity has ceased, and numbers must certainly perish from cold. We suppose that bees need the water to drink, or to mix with nectar in the preparation of food for the bee grubs. I do not know whether any is used in the preparation of propolis, the ingredients of which are obtained from pine and other trees. The propolis, a very hard glue, is extensively used by bees for repairs to frames and hives and for stopping draughts, besides fixing snails or slugs which may enter a hive.

Anyhow the method adopted by bees to store and distribute the water they collect needs a little investigation. To me it remains a puzzle.

I should perhaps mention how I have found bee drinking-places. In the South of France, we were obliged to water our vegetable gardens copiously during the Summer, there being practically no rainfall between May and October. In our garden I had installed some hundreds of yards of piping, with numerous standards for hose pipes, connected up with our swimming-pool, into which we had to pump water from a spring. My gardener one day showed me a tiny leak in one of the pipes.

The leaky pipe, I found, was chosen by the bees for one of their drinking-places, and here I constantly saw dozens of bees fetching water for the hives. The pipe was about 150 yards from the hives, which distance I have been assured is most convenient for bees, which, apparently, prefer darting forth from a hive, and obtaining their altitude before descending on their objective, rather than fluttering slowly for a few yards. This may well be a question of traffic organisation, and avoidance of congestion. It must be remembered that in the height of a honey flow, you may count at least ten or twelve bees entering a hive a second, and, of course, as many leaving. The exit resembles a machine-gun with bullets going both ways, and one can understand a bee wishing to go well out before hovering and descending.

Later on, I found other drinking-places also situated on leaky iron pipes. Bees gathering water are a pretty sight. They avoid wetting their legs and wings and place themselves on the right spot so delicately and carefully. I have seen a wasp drinking from a pantry tap which was leaking, and return to it from time to time, but I think wasps learn their way about pantries and larders better than do bees. On the other hand I found that many more wasps than bees drowned themselves in our swimming-pool when attempting to drink during the dry season.

It is certain that bees manage to obtain water very cleverly, but appear to prefer choosing their own springs. Once or twice I have spent a day or two in the mountains north of the Riviera in a rough stone cottage, about 3,500 feet above sea level. The site was used as an apiary by a friend of mine who had bought for a very moderate price some acres of barren rocky mountain side. There were a few stunted trees among great rocky boulders, and a vast area of wild lavender stretching for miles over higher mountains to the north.

My friend had over a hundred hives installed round our little cottage. The nearest mountain stream was several miles away. There was a spring, arranged for drawing water and for washing, about twenty minutes' walk from where we lived, and we had to fetch all our water thence, and enjoy an *al fresco* bath at the pump. Of course we collected no water for the bees. They might have needed six or seven gallons a day for that large number of hives. I found no bee drinking-place at the human watering-place and came to the conclusion that the bees must either collect from wet trees or vegetation, or fly to the distant river. In these hills on many afternoons it



INVERTED JAM-JARS SLIGHTLY RAISED AT ONE SIDE SO THAT WATER TRICKLES OUT

clouded over and rained for twenty minutes or so, and then cleared up, and for the rest of the time the sun shone brilliantly. On low-lying land or on the coast there was no rain at that time of the year, and I suppose on days when it did not rain, the bees went to the torrent two or three miles away.

Whatever they did about it, they certainly thrived, and we drove down with a portion of the 1,500 kilograms, about 3,300 lb., of the honey harvest, all flavoured with lavender!

In England of course bees can have little difficulty in finding water, but here again I have watched experimental water-troughs near the hives without seeing a single bee assuaging its thirst. Others of course may have had different experiences, but it seems that, considering the amount of water that they need, unless a bee-keeper finds a constant queue of bees at his trough, his bees are obtaining what they need mostly elsewhere.

A different problem faced me in North Africa many years ago. On the sites of the old Roman baths near Hammamet (a name often pronounced by B.B.C. announcers last year) there are, or rather there were, a certain number of beautiful villas inhabited by a small colony of visitors of mixed nationalities, who delighted in bathing in extremely hot weather. For the most part these villas had only one form of garden. Pools, fountain and little canals surrounded the buildings, covered with the most gorgeous water lilies and lotus. And everywhere were rows and rows of flower-pots, large and small, green and red, all containing the most extravagantly beautiful exotic flowers. Every villa when I was there in a tropical Summer was a delicious oasis, in a terribly burnt-up country.

But in one villa I visited I found four modern beehives, and to my astonishment the bees were working hard. I asked my hostess where on earth the bees were foraging in that dreadful parched country.

"Oh!" she answered confidently, "there are all our gardens. Lots of flowers."

Now there was hardly a flower that a bee would look at in those great arrays of jars and pots, which were watered by Arab gardeners. She assured me they usually got plenty of honey. I attempted to question the possibilities of the gardens for nectar, but I soon perceived on the faces of everyone present that they summed me up as "talking through the back of my hat." Certainly one had only to gaze around the particular oasis we were in to see nothing but brown desolation.

I returned to the villa in which I was staying. Here, surrounded by hundreds of pots of flowers, I had had ample opportunity for confirming the absence of bees on nearly all of these. The mystery was not solved until the next day, when I walked out through the back of the house and the Moorish gateway, past some huge old carab and young lemon trees and down to the sea to bathe. And there I found a band of heath-like ground about a hundred yards wide, stretching for miles along the coast and actually bordering on the sea. The whole strip was covered with some form of thrift, on which thousands of bees were working enthusiastically. The problem was solved.

FROM BATH to BRIGHTON

By R. T. LANG

BATTERED though they be, Bath and Brighton offer us two of the best examples of Georgian buildings, of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, and between them lies some of the loveliest country in England. Leaving Bath by the Pulteney Bridge, less than four miles' travel brings us to Claverton, of which Richard Graves of *The Spiritual Quixote* was vicar, and where Ralph Allen is buried beneath the squat-towered church. Allen, who made a fortune out of reforming the postal system, frequently entertained Chatham, Fielding, Garrick, Pope and other leading lights of the time at Prior Park, the mansion which the elder Wood erected for him 1736-43. The mighty portico, with its great Corinthian columns, is an architectural joy, though Wood's masterpiece is now a school. Ralph Allen is generally believed to have been the original for Squire Allworthy in *Tom Jones*.

Now comes one of the most beautiful runs in England, with the river Avon lying deep in the gorge below. A large part of the valley has been preserved from building purposes till, at least, 1970. In less than a mile on the right stand the remains of Hinton Abbey, a Carthusian house founded by Ela, Countess of Salisbury, in 1232. Of special interest are the dovescots in almost their original condition.

So on to Warminster, which William Cobbett described as solid and good, and the description still applies. The chapel of St. Lawrence, bought by the town at the Reformation, has been a chantry since the reign of Edward I, although now only the 15th-century tower remains. In Vicarage Street stands Wren House, which is said to have been designed by Sir Christopher.

"More hill than history, age-less and oblivion-blurred," is Siegfried Sassoon's description of Scratchbury Hill, a relic of a British camp on the road to Heytesbury, where the red-brick hospital of 1449 bears the arms, sickles interlocked, of the Hungerford family. A turn of the main road leads past Captain Sassoon's home, Heytesbury House, which has been used as an American camp. Through the Chitternesh, over open downs where there was once thick forest, we strike across the northern part of Salisbury Plain. I like Richard Barcham's description of it:

No hedges, no ditches, no gates, no stiles,
Much less a house or a cottage for miles;
It's a very sad thing to be caught in the rain
When night's coming on, upon Salisbury Plain.



British Council

ANDOVER, IN EXISTENCE SINCE UNKNOWN AGES, SEEN FROM THE MITCHELDEAN ROAD

Having been once so caught, I agree with him. But on a Summer day one's thoughts naturally wander back to the people of the unknown race who lived there thousands of years ago. The whole Plain is covered with their traces and the population must have been thick on the ground. There are many remains of British and Roman Camps.

Soon we come to their last great memorial, Stonehenge. Dr. Gowland, who superintended the excavations in 1901, dated the erection of the stones at from 2,000 to 1,800 B.C. and concluded that it was a temple of the sun. Sir Norman Lockyer worked out that, on Midsummer Day, 1680 B.C., the sun would have risen exactly over the Friar's Heel, and in direct line with the axis of the temple and avenue, with a possible error on either side of 200 years. Traditionally "Merlin brought the stones from Ireland," and it has been proved that the principal ones came from the Prescilly Mountains in Pembrokeshire, and must have come by water, then probably up the Avon from the south coast. Beads, buckles and brooches of amber and gold, and the ashes from many cremated burials have been found here, and Thomas Hardy used the great altar-stone, thought to have been the scene of human sacri-

fices, as the scene of one of the most moving passages in *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*.

Amesbury has gentler memories, for here Mallory and Tennyson made Guinevere retire, and Lancelot to carry her beloved body across to Glastonbury, a beautiful love-story into which it is perhaps better not to enquire too closely. Founded by Ambrosius in 440, this little place was one of the principal centres of Christianity in Britain till it disappeared under the pagan flood. Afterwards it became a nunnery and a place of retreat for ladies of high degree, until Webb built a house, from Inigo Jones's design, on the site, for the Duke of Queensberry. It was in a summer-house here that John Gay wrote *The Beggar's Opera*. The George Hotel at Amesbury was the pilgrims' hostel of the abbey and a few old stones at the back of the hotel are believed to be of that edifice. Fairfax made it his headquarters in 1645 and Dickens mentions it in *Martin Chuzzlewit*, Amesbury having been the home of Mr. Pecksniff.

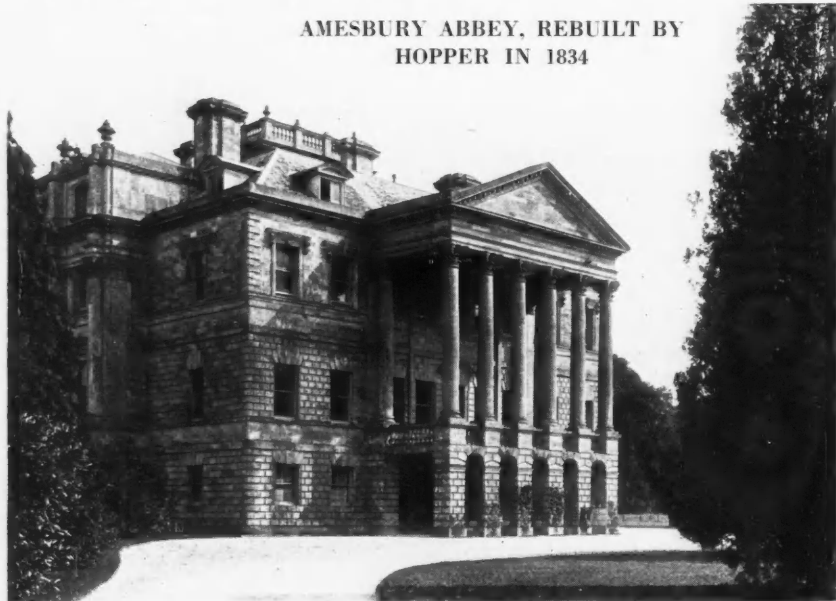
So through Weyhill, with its great 800-year-old October fair, at which Thomas Hardy made Henchard sell his wife. Andover, in existence since unknown ages, has been a free borough since the reign of King John and has two old houses, the Angel and the George, each with its venerable courtyard. At the entrance to St. Mary's churchyard is the Norman doorway of the old church.

There is a dangerous hairpin bend at the entrance to Wherwell, where there are still a few remains of the great abbey of 986, built by Queen Elfrida, when she was "extremely penitent" for her many misdeeds. The Reformation ended scandalous tales of the nuns. The local people still tell of ghosts that are seen in the village, of fair but frail ladies who have been thus compelled to haunt the scenes of love.

From here it is a direct run into Winchester, once the capital of England, where one might spend many hours of quiet pleasure. Tradition says that Winchester was built 99 years before Rome, and there is a legend that a Christian church existed here in the second century. From here Egbert issued his order that all the people of the land were to be called English, and from here Alfred the Great ordered the first general survey of the country. Edgar established standard measures for England at Winchester, and the Conqueror made it his capital jointly with London. But by the time of Queen Elizabeth it had "fallen into great ruin, decay and poverty," yet, at one time, it was known as "the Jerusalem of England," because of its large proportion of Jewish citizens. It gave us the first pawnbrokers, not, however, from the Jews, but established by the bishop about the end of the fifteenth century.

The cathedral, founded in 1079, is one of the finest,

AMESBURY ABBEY, REBUILT BY HOPPER IN 1834

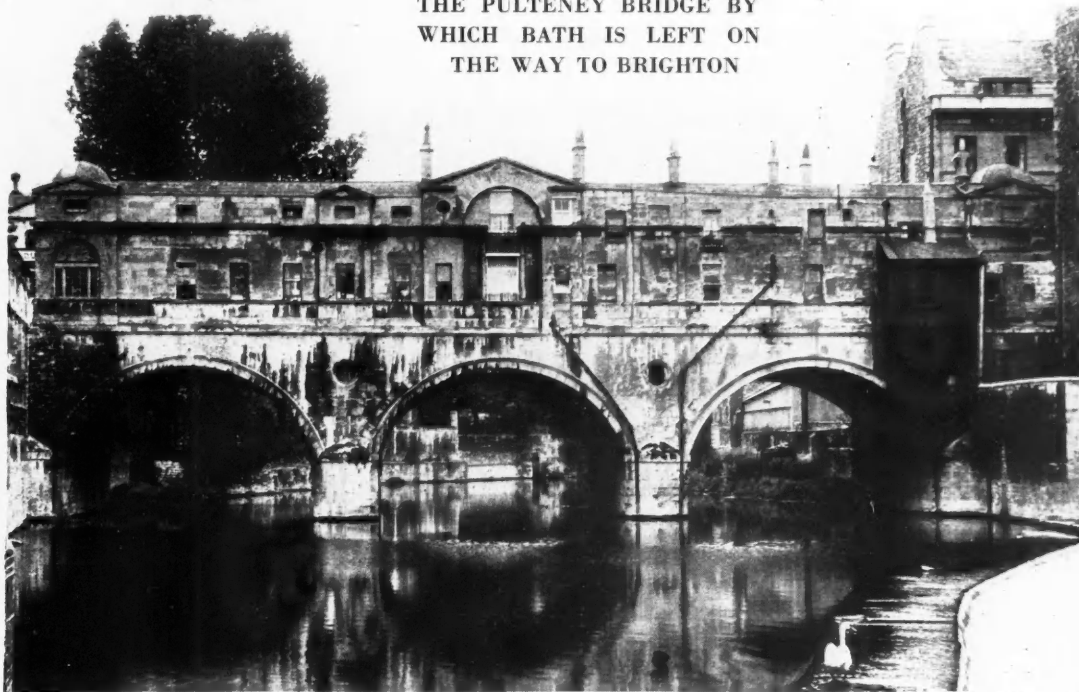


and actually the largest, in this country, and the longest (556½ feet) in the world except St. Peter's Rome. Its reconstruction in its present form is largely due to the great bishop of Winchester, William of Wykeham, at the end of the fourteenth century. Historic features are the chests standing above the choir containing the remains of the Saxon kings from Egbert to Canute, but the alleged tomb of Iufus is of doubtful authenticity. Curfew was first rung in England here. Winchester College was also founded by William of Wykeham, in 1386, for "70 poor and needy scholars and clerks." The historic buildings, with their quadrangles, cloister, hall, chapel, and playing fields, lie south of the cathedral. The Close is full of notable buildings and the streets contain many picturesque old houses. That called the Godbegot gets its curious name from having belonged to one Aelfic "the goods-getter." Overlooking the city are the remains of Winchester Palace, built by Henry for Charles II and now the barracks. The Great Hall of the Castle, built by Henry III, contains "the Round Table of King Alfred," made for Edward III.

The way now lies over the open downs past West Meon to Petersfield, a pretty, old town to which Samuel Pepys came in 1661 and where he was "very merry and played us and our wives at bowls," with an equestrian statue of William III in its spacious market square. The slight remains of Duford Abbey, founded in 1169, stand on the right on the way to Trotton, where the church contains wonderful wall paintings of the Seven Deadly Sins and the Seven Acts of Mercy, the second oldest brass of a lady in England, of Margaret Camoys, 1310, the tomb, with a magnificent brass, of Lord Camoys, who commanded the English left at Agincourt, and his wife, Shakespeare's Gentle Kate, who was the widow of Hotspur.

Three and a half miles more through what Lord Beaconsfield described as "the greenest valley in all green England," takes us into Midhurst, charmingly situated under the South Downs. The stocks and pillory may still be seen at the old market hall, and there are many half-timbered houses, West Street and Wool Lane being most picturesque. The Spread Eagle Inn, built in 1430, is believed to be the tenth oldest inn in England; the Angel, in North Street, is another old coaching-house. In the church of SS. Mary Magdalene and Denis, rebuilt in 1422, there are interesting monuments, a Crusaders' chest and a notice asking people not to make a noise by walking about in pattens. Just north of the town stands the shell of the great Tudor mansion of Cowdray. It was burnt down in 1793, and the owner, the last Lord Montague, was drowned at Schaffhausen, on the Rhine, in the same year, it is said in fulfilment of a curse that the family should perish "by fire and by water." From Midhurst the road runs through Cowdray Park, with the modern mansion of Lord Cowdray standing in the midst of some of the noblest park scenery in England; these famous old avenues of Spanish chestnut. So on to Petworth, first mentioned about 791, now with 16th- and 17th-century houses, an old market-house and almshouses 300 years old. Overlooking the town is the mighty home of Lord Leconfield, an immense William-and-Mary house incorporating parts of the mediæval home of the Percys, Earls of Northumberland, from whom the Lords Leconfield are descended. It contains marvellous pictures, shown on Tuesdays and Thursdays, especially Vandycks and Turners, many of them painted for the house. The lovely park of 2,000 acres is open to pedestrians only.

THE PULTENEY BRIDGE BY WHICH BATH IS LEFT ON THE WAY TO BRIGHTON



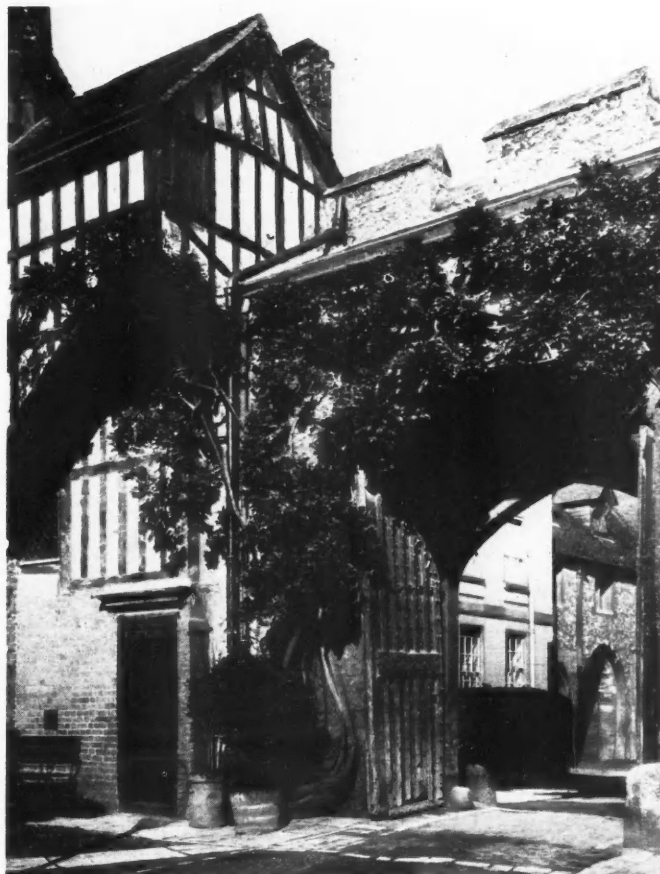
British Council

It is a good country road past Stopham House, the ancestral home of the Barttelots since the fifteenth century, to Pulborough, the site of a Roman fortress, which stood on Park Mound, west of the railway. The bridge here, in the opinion of Mr. Hilaire Belloc, corresponds exactly with the Roman river crossing. A lovely run follows past Parham, the Hon. Clive Pearson's magnificent park with its Elizabethan house and Jacobean heronry, to Storrington. Another delightful stretch ensues past Wiston Park, with the Elizabethan mansion of Major John Goring, to Steyning, an old-fashioned little town, still with

some 15th-century timbered houses. It was a "royal city" in *Domesday*; St. Andrew's splendid church goes back to before that date. Brotherhood Hall dates from 1614. In another mile comes Bramber, which gave us a national benefactor in the son of Praise-God Barebones, Nicholas Barbon, who, in consequence of the ravages of the Great Fire of London, introduced fire insurance in 1680. Above the village is a remnant of the great Norman castle besieged in the Civil War. The round tower arches of St. Nicholas Church, which nestles under it, are also Norman.

Then, straight ahead through the northern part of Portslade into Brighton. From Bristlemere, in *Domesday*, its name became first Brightelmstone, then Brighton, after Dr. Russell, of Lewes, had drawn attention to its attractions in 1750. It was the Prince of Wales (afterwards George IV) who really made the town. Before his day the road from London

was so bad that, in winter, many travelled from London *via* Canterbury. In 1784 the Prince began the Pavilion, which in the end cost over £1,000,000; the town bought it for £50,000 from Queen Victoria, who had no use for such fantasy. Large numbers of Georgian houses followed as fashion demanded and, although the Germans tried to do their worst (198 people were killed, 790 injured, 200 houses were completely destroyed and 11,391 damaged in the 58 air raids) there are still plenty of houses to support its claim to be the Regency town *par excellence*.



British Council

THE CLOSE GATEWAY, CHEYNEY COURT, WINCHESTER

THE GREAT HOUSE, BURFORD, OXFORDSHIRE

THE HOME OF MR. WILLIAM PIERCY

Built by a Burford mason, possibly Christopher Kempster, about 1690, traditionally for a member of the Fettiplace family. Remarkable for its internal woodwork and curious painted decoration.

By CHRISTOPHER HUSSEY

WITNEY STREET is now a quiet by-road running into the east side of Burford High Street. But from the latter part of the seventeenth century it was the way taken by the London-Gloucester coaches and all east-west traffic passing through the town. Just before reaching the bottle-neck by the Bull Inn, the coach passenger would have been impressed by the stately house on the south side of the street (Fig. 1). If he enquired who lived at the Great House, he would be told, after 1735, Mistress Anne Crisp and her sister Mrs. Gast, widow of a Dutch merchant. On just such an occasion Fanny Burney, hurrying through to Cheltenham with the King and Queen, wanted to renew acquaintance with the surviving sister, and "had no power to visit her," but for the return journey made an appointment: "I alighted at the inn to meet Mrs. Gast to whom I had sent a request to be there as we passed through. . . . I was folded in her arms and bathed in her tears all my little stay. . . . Her surprise to see me seemed almost to suffocate her." Samuel (Daddy) Crisp, the old ladies' bachelor brother, had been a man of letters and fashion in the middle of the century, a friend of the Burneys in Fanny's youth, and the sisters became regular pen-friends of hers. "Daddy" Crisp's letters to his sisters at Burford—mild and valetudinarian—are printed in *The Burford Papers* of Dr. W. H. Hutton, who himself lived at the Great House. But the letters tell us nothing about who built it or when, and so shed no light on the mysterious paintings with which

its superbly panelled staircase is adorned.

The front, flush with the roadway, is built of smooth golden freestone, seven windows wide, with the front door in the centre approached by a concentric flight of semi-circular steps. Oeil de boeuf windows at pavement level light rambling cellars and office quarters, and are repeated above the *piano nobile*, alternately circular and octagonal, to light a long gallery. The parapet is battlemented, each battlement formerly adorned with a pineapple, and so are the two turret-like chimney stacks, one at each end. In the centre of the front a queer pediment sticks out unsupported from the parapet. To the east, one of the earlier houses on the site is retained as servants' and kitchen quarters. Behind, a large and delightful garden rambles unexpectedly far along the hill, enclosed by high crumbling stone walls, and when we look back at the house we see that, on this side, it is as irregular as the garden (Fig. 10). Two

wings stick far out from the main block, leaving only a narrow passage to the garden door, up which we can see that the back of the house is gabled, and has more of those characteristic round, or octagonal windows. The west, left-hand, wing is of the same, or nearly the same, date as the street front. The other is somewhat later. A great fig tree drapes one, a wistaria the other.

The front door of the street gives directly into the hall (Fig. 3), which is square, with one window to the right of the door, the staircase rising opposite the window, and the arch of a passage, opposite the door, leading to the back room. A door in either side gives into a sitting-room (right) and dining-room (left), the former (Fig. 12) of two bays, the latter of three, and all lined with the same elaborate bolection wainscot and box cornices. But while the rooms are now cool and white, the hall and staircase smoulder with the fitful gleams of the paintings with which the larger panels are covered. Their predominantly religious imagery will perhaps give us a clue to the predecessor of the impeccably Anglican Crisps and so to the builder of the house.

But first for some deductions from its architecture. Exemplary as is the moulding of its parts, they are unrelated, and the front was evidently not designed by an architect. It is clearly the work of an admirable but unlearned mason, and a Cotswold mason—since he made such play with the traditional local feature of round windows. The heavy pediment and incongruous battlements, the battlemented chimneys, and the bold cornice and rusticated quoins, might well imply that the mason had worked under Vanbrugh on one of his castellated adventures; but they might equally have been evolved independently to humour a client with a liking for



1.—THE STREET FRONT



(Left) 2.—A STATELY ASCENT. THE STAIRS FROM THE HALL

mediaeval atmosphere. Among the possible original occupants of the house, one, Charles Fettiplace, brother of the 2nd baronet, and later 3rd baronet (1707-14), at least might have had atavistic proclivities seeing that his home was a great 15th-century mansion and the family had, as its memorials at Swinbrook show, a strong retrospective bias. There is a tradition that the house was a dower house of the Fettiplaces, and the rainwater heads are initialed C. R. over F. Hence my allusion to Charles Fettiplace, but the significance of the R (the second initial in this case usually denotes the wife's name) is obscure, since Sir Charles was a bachelor.

As to the mason-builder, Burford could produce several outstanding men at the end of the seventeenth century; Christopher Kempster or his son, who lived in the town when not working under Wren, or one of the numerous Strong brothers of Taynton, of whom Edward and Thomas were among Wren's leading masons

and as such probably too busy for private work locally. Incidentally there was another family of masons of standing, Jonathan and Richard Osman, father and son, who

leased premises in High Street 1704-47.

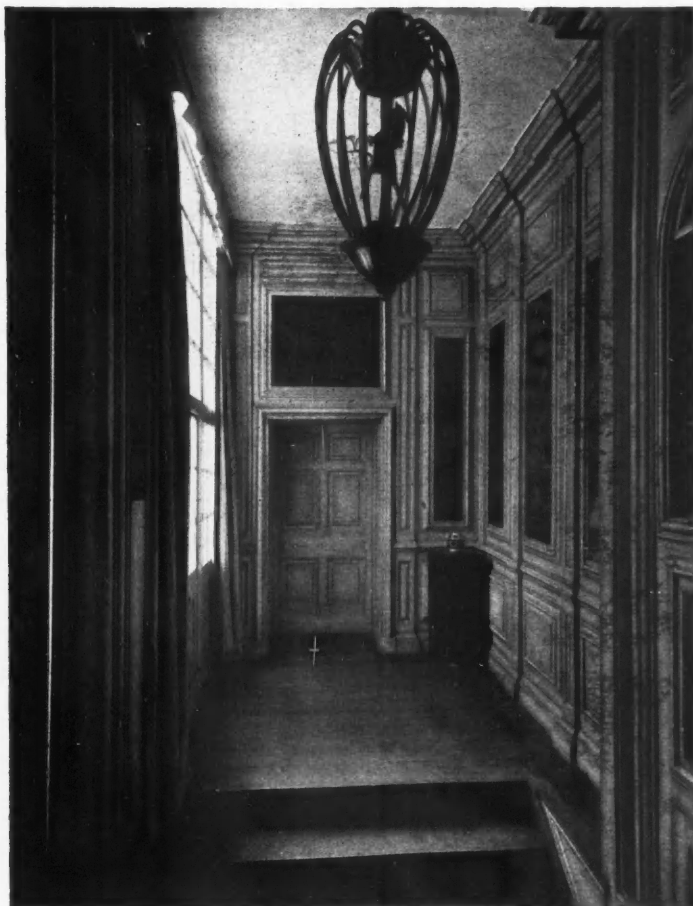
Now we will look at the decoration of the hall and of the dramatic ascent of stairs rising out of it. In Dr. Hutton's time the



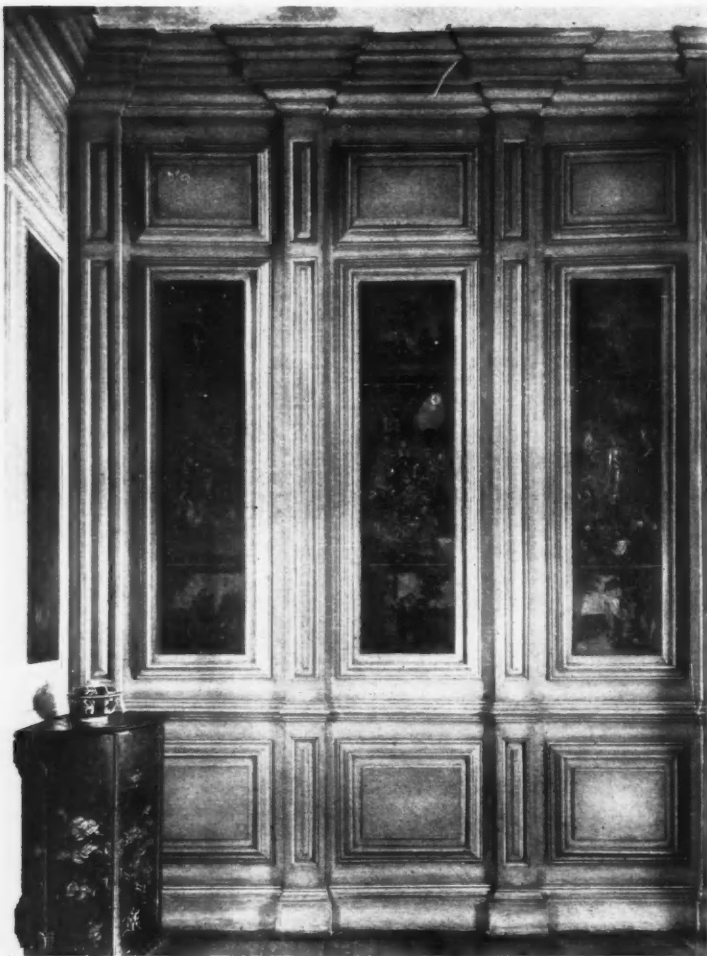
3.—THE ENTRANCE HALL, WITH PANELLING DECORATED WITH CONTEMPORARY PAINTINGS



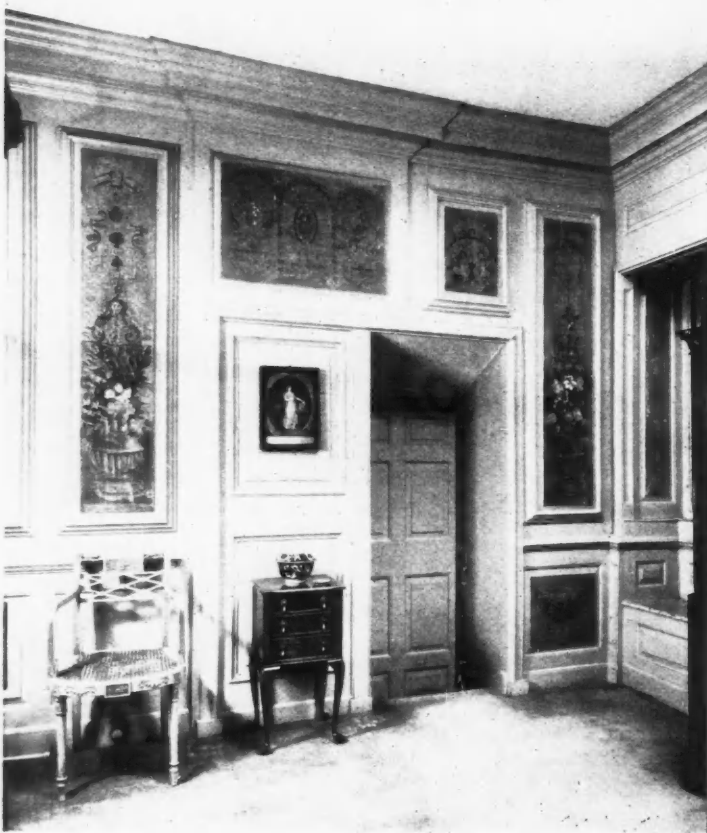
4.—ON THE STAIRCASE: A CLOSET WINDOW



5.—LANDING OF THE WEST WING AT THE STAIR HEAD

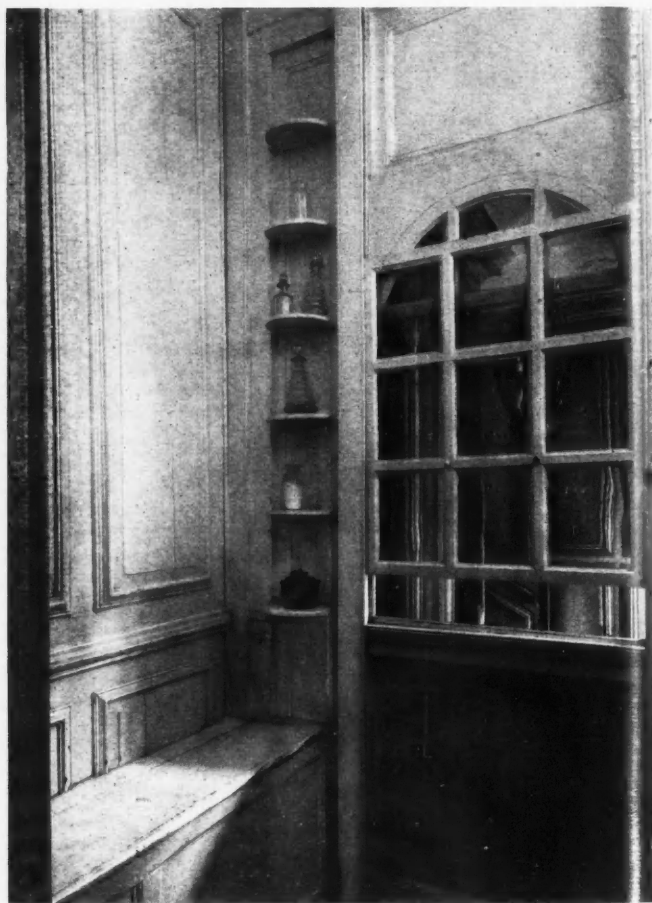


6.—THE WEST LANDING WAINSCOT: SUPERB CARPENTRY AND CURIOUS RELIGIOUS PAINTINGS



7.—PAINTED DECORATION OF ROOM IN WEST WING

panelling was painted "a dull red colour." This has since been changed, probably with advantage, to a bistre tint softly scrubbed. Against this the painted panels show darkly. At the foot of the stairs (Fig. 3) is Faith kneeling with a flaming heart in her hand beside a desk inscribed I.H.S. and with books of devotion above her—*Holy Living and Dying*, Comber on the Common Prayer, *The Whole Duty of Man*, Stanley's *Lives of the Philosophers*—all of which were published not later than 1690. Elsewhere is Hope, a lady of c. 1700 looking upon a harbour, with an anchor at her side; Charity, suckling two poor children; Venus, with a Cupid and Satyr; Justice with her scales and above her Fortune blindfolded (to the left of the stairs in Fig. 2). Smaller panels hold a cornucopia or a cherub here and there. On the stairs are a skull with *Resurgam* under it, various figures of saints and prophets, a Crucifixion and a copy of Guido's *S. Michael*. On the landing above, which leads into the large room in the west wing looking over the garden, are a series of smaller paintings of different technique (Fig. 6)—the *Ecce Homo*, the *Epiphany*,



8.—THE CLOSET OVERLOOKING THE STAIRCASE

the *Agony in the Garden* and *Jacob's Ladder*. Above the door, Atlas is seen supporting the globe with a view of the house in the background. In the extension of the hall, on the ground floor beyond the arch, the frame of a door contains a painting of a man (Fig. 9) in a cap and gown, bands round his neck, sitting under a tree with a book.

The staircase has a half-landing whence a flight turns to the left. Facing it is an internal sash window over a cupboard door (Fig. 4), the whole designed together to form a composition recalling James Pryde in its exaggerated height. Over the cupboard is the picture of another house, flanked by elongated upright panels with a design of flowers on a dark lacquer-like ground.

The window lights a closet (Fig. 8) which opens off a room facing west. Beyond it to the south is a panelled room which is also painted (Fig. 7) with arabesques and, in the lower parts of the taller panels, vases of flowers, with festoons in the dado panels. This series seems to have originally formed part of a continuous all-over scheme.

This extraordinary wealth of painting is only matched by its variety of style and subject matter, ranging from florid arabesques to distant copies of Italian masters. Unless several artists were employed—a travelling band—it must be the work of a single versatile individual. Versatility is one of the

characteristics of the Dutch prisoner-of-war from Abingdon who is said to have painted at Yarnton, Sutton Courtenay, and the Parsonage House at Stanton Harcourt who Mr. Leonard Huskinson has suggested was the James de Witte who in 1675 painted the 111 Scottish Kings at Holyrood for £2 a-piece. The Burford paintings certainly have points in common with those at Parsonage House—specifically the floral designs in the lofty strips in Fig. 4, and generally in their variety and crudity. But a date before 1675, postulated by attributing them to this de Witt, is too early both for the publication of all the holy books depicted in the representation of Faith, and for the masterly design and carpentry of the panelling (e.g. Figs. 3, 4 and 5). The use of the bolection moulding and box cornice, of which this house is so outstanding an example, was scarcely developed to the extent exemplified before 1685.

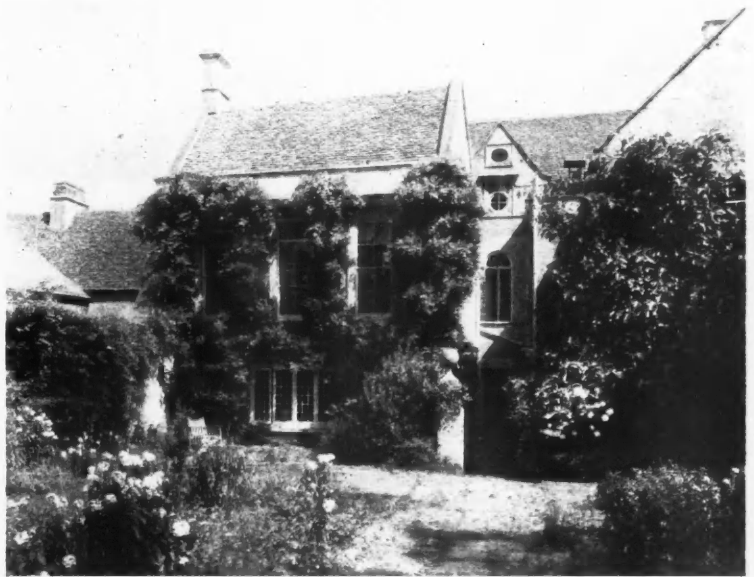
Returning to the question for whom was the house built at the curious religious symbolism, Mr. Hutton suggested



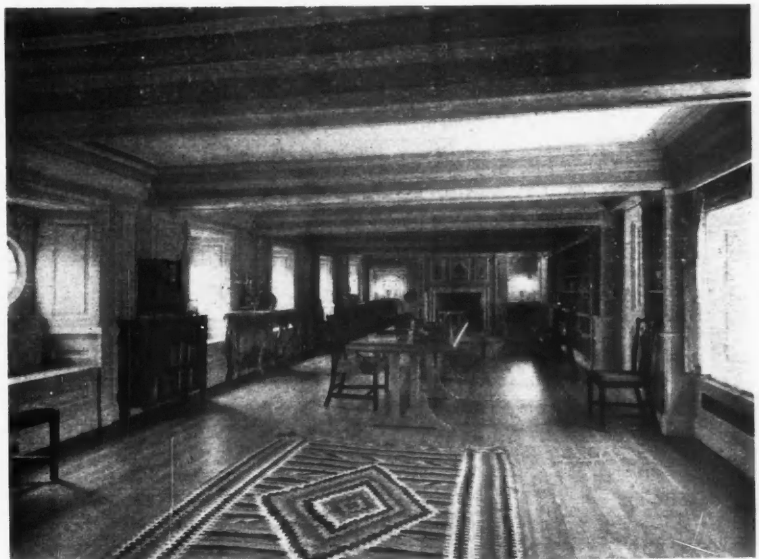
9.—A PORTRAIT OF THE BUILDER?
On door in passage under stairs

in his paper *Some Oxfordshire Jacobites* (printed in *The Burford Papers*) that they may be due to a sympathiser with the High Church party and that the room out of which opens the closet overlooking the stairs may have been devised as a Nonjuror's secret chapel. Paintings in it point to some such use. On the door to the closet, for instance, is a tower with the legend round it *Fidei per scutum castrum fit tutum*; in the window seats *Si Christum nescis nihil est si caetera nescis*, and *Christum nescis nihil est si caetera nescis*; above the window *Mens sana in corpore sano*. *Influentia entis ornamenta mentis et praeter propter vitam vivimus Credenda, Agenda, Petenda*. The Nonjurors were those who refused to take the oath to George I in 1715, and among a list drawn up in 1745 is Margaret Fettiplace. The paintings need not be so late as 1715; indeed are likely to be prior to the Act.

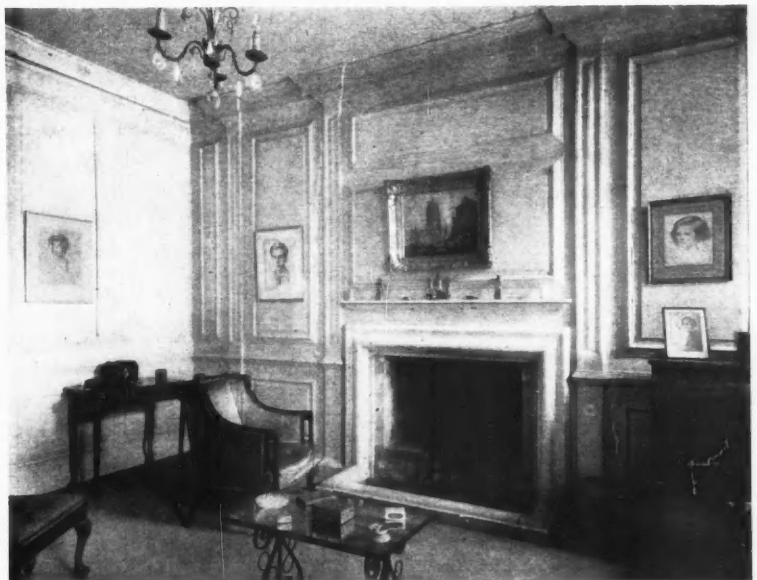
Nothing appears to be known of the five bachelor baronets of Swinbrook who succeeded brother after brother, except that the youngest, Sir George, was pious and charitable. Charles, the eldest but one, who became 3rd baronet in 1707, might well have housed himself here, and in this style, about 1690, before he had any reason to expect that he would inherit Swinbrook from his elder brother. The initials already referred to, which apparently have not been noticed previously, and the traditional connection of the house with the Fettiplaces, confirm this reading of its origin.



10.—THE GARDEN SIDE. The west wing is on the left



11.—THE GALLERY ON THE TOP FLOOR



12.—SITTING ROOM, WEST OF HALL. White painted wainscot

COLLECTORS' QUESTIONS

AN ARTIST'S PORTRAIT

I ENCLOSE a photograph of an 18th-century oil painting (36 ins. by 27 ins.) of an artist holding palette and brushes and should be greatly obliged if you could help me to find out who he is.

He has a look of Hogarth, but I have been unable to find any portraits of him when a young man for comparison.—H. V. BROWN, 20, The Crescent, Adees, Leeds, 6.

It is probable that this is a self-portrait of Wm. Aikman (1682-1731), an early Scottish portraitist of repute.

OSTRICH IN LEAD

I have recently inherited an old house in Worcestershire, and on investigating a clump of bushes in the shrubbery I found a lead figure of a tall bird, apparently an ostrich. Can you tell me how to find out anything about it?—I.C.S. (ret.), Portsea, Hampshire.

The fashion of lead figures for garden decoration raged from about 1700 to 1780; most of them were made at Hyde Park Corner, where the principal yard belonged first to John Nost, then to his assistant Andrew Carpenter, and finally to the better-known Cheeres, Sir Henry and his brother John. The ostrich is known to have been a model of Nost's, and our correspondent's example may well be by him. Consult Sir Lawrence Weaver's *English Leadwork* on the whole subject.

A "NONESUCH" CABINET

I have a curious old chest or cabinet with a plain falling front about 2 ft. 3 ins. wide and 2 ft. high; inside are a lot of little drawers, all inlaid with domed buildings and castles, trees, figures, and so on; on the inside of the lid are animals and men. Is it really interesting as it

stands, or can I have it made into a wireless cabinet without feeling I am being a Philistine? —CURIOUS, Horley, Surrey.

From this description the little cabinet would appear to belong to the "Nonesuch" type of furniture, and to tamper with it would be most undesirable. Nonesuch Palace, with its fantastic domes, façades and reliefs, was a favourite toy of Henry VIII, and made a deep impression on contemporary art, reproductions based on it being applied to inlaid chests and other articles of furniture. Our correspondent will find a description of it in Evelyn's *Diary* (January 3, 1665) and in Hentzner's *Travels* (1598).

THE COVENTRY PATTERN

What is meant by the Coventry pattern in reference to Worcester china?—VIOLET EDGEWORTH, Chelsea, S.W.

The so-called Coventry or Blind Earl's pattern is that in which the flowers and leaves of the decoration are raised above the surface of the china, and they are said to have been made for a blind Lord Coventry, so that he could still enjoy the "feel" of the decoration although he could no longer see it. While it is very probable that Lord Coventry ordered a service of this kind, he was certainly not the originator of it, as he only became blind in 1780, and plates moulded in relief were made at both Chelsea and Worcester long before that date.

SCOTTISH SPOONS

I wonder if you would be so kind as to let me know the probable period of some old family teaspoons and a toddy ladle; I have always understood them to be silver.

The ladle has king's head, flower like a tulip, another design, R and G. The spoons have R.K., three parallel vertical lines, something like the Greek letter Ψ , another design, king's head. Both the heads are facing to the right. I am afraid this is a very crude description, but the best I can do.—JANET BELL, Wayside Bungalow, Norwood Hill, Horley, Surrey.

The teaspoons with the maker's mark "R K" are quite clearly the work of Robert Kay, silversmith of Perth, and therefore about 1810-20. The similarly marked spoons in the Breadalbane collection are usually cited for

A CAT DOOR-STOP (WEIGHING 6½ LB.) AND AN INTERESTING FIGURE WITH CHILD AND CRUCIFIX

See Question: Staffordshire Figures



A PORTRAIT, PROBABLY OF THE ARTIST, BY WILLIAM AIKMAN (1682-1731)

See Question: An Artist's Portrait

this maker's marks and date. No town mark resembles "a flower like a tulip." If your ladle is Scottish, the "tulip" may be a contracted thistle, or possibly the mark of Dundee. Everything, including the date, depends on the identity of the "other design."

STAFFORDSHIRE FIGURES

I enclose rough photographs of two Staffordshire figures I should be very glad to know more about, especially maker and date. The standing female holding apparently a crucifix and a Holy Child, seems a sort of reversal of the Chinese figures made for the European market, showing Christian symbols. The cat is life size, though the head is disproportionately large; it weighs 6½ lb. and has apparently been used as a door-stop. It is cream, with dark brown to black spots. The other figure is coloured in green, blue and plum colour.—M. WIGHT, Thornleigh, Mordiford, Hereford.

The figures both date from about the beginning of the nineteenth century. The cat is doubtless intended for a door-stop. The symbolism of the Virgin holding the Child on one arm and a crucifix in the other is decidedly very unusual, but not likely to have been influenced by the Chinese figures referred to of the goddess Kuan-yin. In the absence of marks, it is difficult to pronounce with certainty as to the place of manufacture. Both figures may have been made in Staffordshire, but the statuette of the Virgin shows characteristics of glaze and colouring which point to a factory in the North of England as a possible source.

TIGER WARE

Great is my interest to note the confidence with which reference is made to tin-glaze earthenware, usually called Delft, having been made at "several places in Ireland" in your reply to an enquiry on this subject.

For years I have been trying to get evidence of this in regard to Ireland, and at the present time, more than ever before, I need guidance and trustworthy information that it may be embodied in a book upon which I am working, and which deals with a section of ceramics never yet exhaustively examined; about which very little is consequently known, but which is of considerable interest as an outstanding contribution to English—and Irish?—production.



The date forms a major obstacle, as nothing later than about 1756 comes into account.

We, ourselves, lost much of our own ware of this type in the fire at Alexandra Palace, where specimens had been concentrated, even as the destruction of the Four Courts was an even greater loss to Ireland, because their records were demolished as well as their ware.

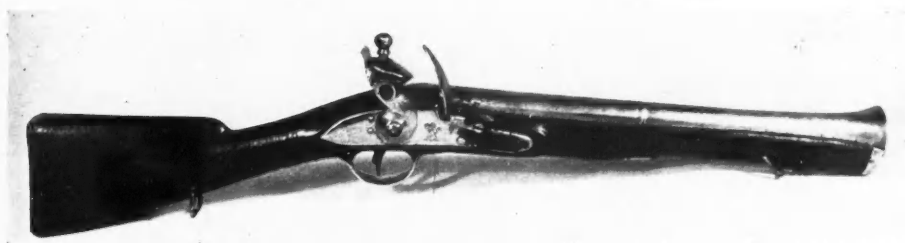
Any information regarding the source from which your statement came regarding Irish production of this Delft ware would be much appreciated.—(Mrs.) FLORENCE HODGKIN, Old Southcote Lodge, Reading.

The evidence for the manufacture of tin-glazed or Delft ware in Ireland was brought together by M. S. Dudley Westropp in his *Notes on the Pottery Manufacture in Ireland in Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy*, Vol. XXXII, Section C No. 1, Dublin, 1913, and in his *General Guide: Irish Pottery and Porcelain*, National Museum of Ireland, 1935. There is also a note on "Limerick Delftware" by W. B. Honey in *Transactions of the English Ceramic Circle*, Vol. II, 1942, pages 155-157, and in the *Glaisher Collection at the Fitzwilliam Museum*, Cambridge, there is a Delft punch-bowl acquired at the Gosford Castle Sale, 1921, which is reputed to have been made for Thomas Verner (d. 1788), of Verner's Bridge, County Armagh, and bears the date 1756 and the crest of the Verner (or Vernor) family; this latter (No. 1,752 in the *Catalogue of the Glaisher Collection*) is presumed to have been made at an Irish pottery.

DICE-BOX TUMBLER

I enclose a photograph of what I believe is an unusual "firing" or toasting glass which came into my possession recently, and I should be grateful if you could give me any information about it. The upper part is beautifully engraved with Masonic symbols, but the most unusual feature of the glass is a cavity in the base enclosing three dice. I am puzzled to know what they are there for, especially as I understand they have no Masonic significance. When the glass came into my possession I was told that it was about 200 years old.—H. S., Hampstead, N.W.

The tumbler itself is not a "firing glass," in spite of the Masonic signs engraved upon it. For a firing glass, there would have been a set or series of these and the tumbler does not conform to any known shape or pattern of firing glass. This one would be a solitary specimen quite likely to be in use after the banquet which follows most lodge-meetings. When empty, it would be used as a dice-box, i.e. shaken and turned upside down—the sides of the dice lying uppermost would give the value of the throw—and the contest as to who should pay for the next drink, or round of drinks,



AN EARLY 19th-CENTURY GUN BOUGHT IN INDIA

See Question: Gun from India

would be settled by the tumbler between two or more throwers.

The quality of the engraving is excellent.

The date is 1770 at the earliest, according to its shape and the type of cutting up the sides, or if it is of Irish provenance a little later, 1790-1800 perhaps. But it is impossible to judge without actually seeing the piece.

GUN FROM INDIA

I enclose a photograph of a blunderbuss which I found in the Bengal, Calcutta, area.

I should be most obliged if you could date it for me and give some details. The marking is interesting, showing a dancing lion with a crown between its paws and to one side a crown above the figure 3.—H. DE L. WALTERS (Lt.-Col.), A.D.A., Armaments Directorate, M.G.O. Branch, New Delhi, India Command.

The date of this gun is about 1800. If the barrel is of steel, not gunmetal, it is a naval issue.

AN AMATEUR OF CLOCKS

I am very much interested in old clocks and in repairing and tinkering with them, and reading in a recent issue of COUNTRY LIFE about an old regulator clock suggests to me that you might be able to advise me.

Is there any society or club interested in such things to which I could belong? Also do you know of any books or periodicals on the subject which I could obtain?—J. K. BYERS, London, N.W.3.

No horological society or club exists which has members who are clock or watch collectors or who have an amateur interest in these articles. There exists a considerable literature, both technical and historical, on old watches and clocks. A trade paper is the *Horological Journal* which comes out monthly. A bookseller who specialises in

horological books is Mr. Malcolm Gardner of 12, Eamshaw Street, London, W.C.1.

A LANTERN CLOCK

My photograph shows a brass-faced clock that I possess. Is it of earlier make than the lantern clocks of the seventeenth century? The bell is supported by a cranked iron; the dial-plate is inscribed "John Walter Honiton fecit"; I have not found that name in any list of clock-makers.—RICHARD WATERFIELD, 7, Buckenridge Road, Teignmouth, Devon.

This lantern clock is of a design regulated by a short bob pendulum that was in favour during the late seventeenth century. John Walter of Honiton, about whom no records exist, must have been one of the numerous clock-makers who lived in the country towns of England and who not only made and sold lantern clocks but also mechanical jacks for turning the cooking spit. Many of such provincial clock-makers probably augmented their incomes by being shopkeepers as well and they sold domestic articles such as bellows and candlesticks, brass and pewter wares.

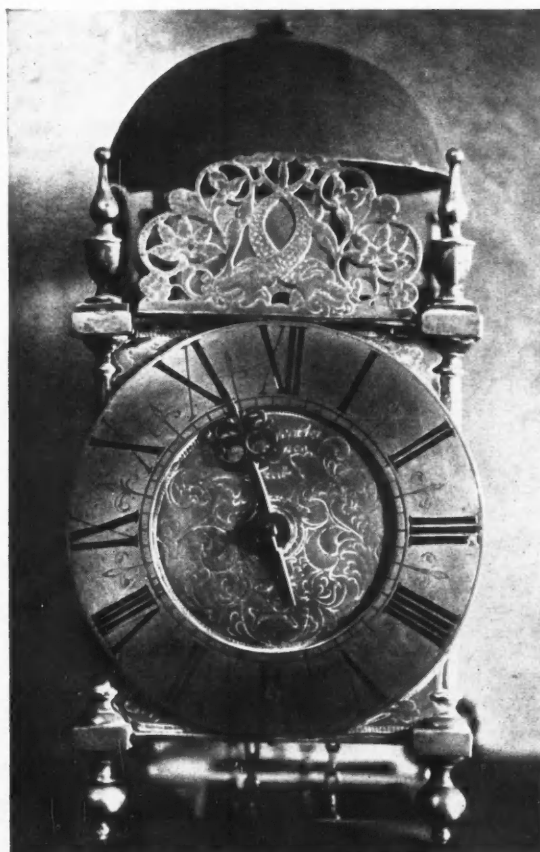
Questions intended for these pages should be forwarded to the Editor, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, W.C.2, and a stamped addressed envelope enclosed for reply. In no case should originals be sent; nor can any valuation be made.



(Left)

A TUMBLER WITH ENGRAVED MASONIC SIGNS AND ENCLOSING DICE

See Question: Dice-Box Tumbler



(Right)

A LATE 17th-CENTURY LANTERN CLOCK BY JOHN WALTER OF HONITON

See Question: A Lantern Clock

AN 18th-CENTURY CRICKETER

By SIR AMBROSE HEAL

IN a dilapidated scrapbook containing a medley of old prints is a delicate little engraving of an early cricketer who belongs to a period ante-dating those giants of early Victorian days, in their tall beaver hats, with whom we are familiar in the Long Room at Lord's.

The graceful figure here portrayed has an 18th-century elegance in his well-cut knee-breeches, white silk stockings and rosetted shoes; his trimly fitting sleeved waistcoat is cut low to disclose a frilled cravat, and on his curly head he wears a jauntily trimmed broad-brimmed hat, caught up at the sides. Though the oval frame bears the title *Oxfordshire Cricket Club*, no date appears; nor is there any clue to the occasion which gave rise to the publication of the engraving. Would it have been issued to mark the foundation of the county club, the opening of a new ground, or merely some festive gathering?

Enquiries at Oxford and at the M.C.C. have elicited no information on these points, but there are certain details, apart from the costume of the player, which are significant indications of date and which enable us to place it with some certainty as being between 1780 and 1790. This decade is an outstanding one in the annals of cricket, for 1787 is generally observed by the faithful as being the year that witnessed the foundation of the Marylebone Cricket Club. In that year Thomas Lord decided to remove his ground from the White Conduit Fields to the site now occupied by Dorset Square, prior to the opening of the original St. John's Wood ground to which he migrated twenty-four years later. Not until 1814 did the M.C.C. finally establish itself in its present home near by.

The primary reason for assigning to the engraving some year round about 1785 is the form of the wicket with its three stumps. The earliest mention of the middle stump coming into use was in 1776, but this innovation was not generally accepted until 1788, when it was officially adopted by the M.C.C. in the first set of laws of the game which were issued under its aegis. At this period the correct size of the wicket seems to have been generally recognised as 22 inches by 6 inches; ten years later—in 1798—it was increased to 24 inches by 7 inches, and about 1820, or a little earlier, it was again enlarged to 27 inches by 8 inches, which dimensions held good for about a hundred

years. The records of these variations are not always quite in agreement; they are, however, not very relevant to our purpose as it is impossible to determine, from the perspective drawing, to which of these regulations the wicket conforms. Plainly, however, it belongs to a period later than the middle of the eighteenth century, before which time a very much wider and a lower form of wicket was in practice. An interesting point to notice is that the old-time single bail was still in use. The two short bails were not generally adopted until 1820.

The bat shown in the picture is obviously of the long-handled, curved-ended type well suited to deal with the fast under-hand bowling of the day which was delivered along the ground. The shape gradually evolved from the curved bat to the parallel-sided one through an intermediate stage which had a continuous taper from handle to blade. The earliest introduction of an almost square-shouldered blade is generally credited to John Small of Hambledon who adopted it in 1773. In the year following the width of the bat was restricted to 4¼ inches but the maximum length of 38 inches was not laid down until some years afterwards. These dimensions have remained constant to this day.

In looking at portraits of these old-time cricketers one cannot but marvel at the Spartan fortitude with which the batsmen and the wicket-keepers faced the bowling on the rough pitches of those days without pads or gloves and with nothing more substantial than their stockings and low shoes between them and the ball.

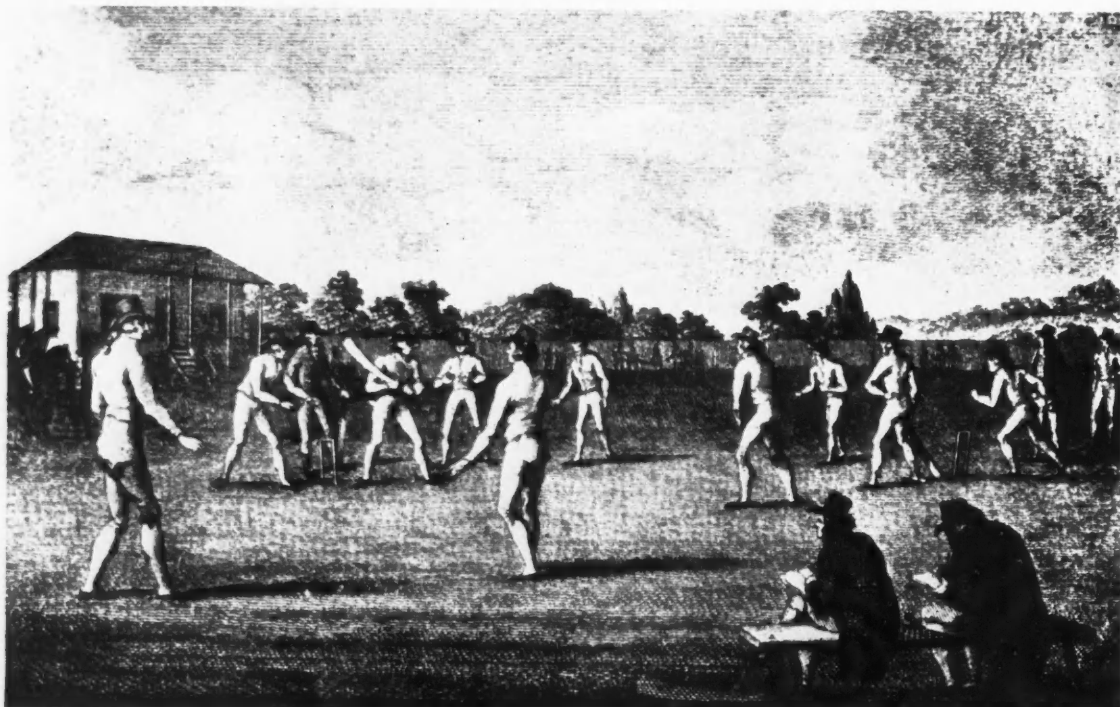
The various typical characteristics which have been indicated all tend to point towards the probability of the engraving of the Oxfordshire cricketer having been published about the year 1785. Confirmation of this approximate date would seem to be given by comparison with a rare print, dated 1793, of a match in play on Thomas Lord's cricket ground in Dorset Square. The costumes of the players are almost identical and the bats are of the same shape. The only noticeable difference is in the wicket, which, in the 1793 print, is shown as a survival of the early one with only two stumps generally thought to have been superseded before that date by one with three stumps, but possibly this is an anachronistic error on the part of the artist. We are enabled to reproduce this



engraving by the courtesy of The Times Publishing Company.

None of the characteristics which have been indicated—interesting as they may be from an historical point of view—helps us to account for the connection of our little engraving with the Oxfordshire Cricket Club, or to decide whether its publication marks any particular event in the career of the club, such as its inauguration or the commemoration of some other occasion. This still remains to be determined. Evidence that the Oxfordshire County Club was in existence prior to 1790 might be assumed from a plate in the handsome volume which commemorates the late Sir Jeremiah Colman's marvellous collection of cricketing pictures entitled *The Noble Game of Cricket*, published in 1941. In this we find a reproduction in colour of an oil painting by Joseph Farington, R.A., described as a match between Gloucestershire and Oxfordshire in August, 1787.

For information as to developments in the game and the implements used I am indebted to the very interesting commemorative volume published by *The Times* entitled *The M.C.C. 1787-1947* which contains much valuable data contributed by Lord Hawke, H. S. Altham, Colonel Rait Kerr, Sir John Squire and other well-known authorities on cricket history.



CRICKET MATCH
PLAYED ON LORD'S
GROUND IN
DORSET SQUARE,
1787

IMPRESSIONS OLD AND NEW

A Golf Commentary by BERNARD DARWIN

TO see no first-class golf at all and very little golf of any kind for over five years is to have a mind beautifully and virginally blank in respect of tips and theories. When we have been regularly playing golf ourselves and then go to see the champions it is my experience that we see what we want to see and believe what we want to believe—a state of mind incidentally that is by no means confined to golf. Whatever is our latest method of hitting the ball we see it being put into practice by our favourite player and are thereupon more than ever convinced that we are on the right lines at last. After five more or less golfless years, however, we are free from these pleasant little absurdities and start with a clean sheet. This at least was my frame of mind when I went to watch the play at Mid-Surrey of which I wrote recently. I wondered whether old impressions would be revived or whether I should form new ones. I suppose that in the back of my mind, even though I was physically incapable of trying it, I hoped to acquire some transcendent tip. Well, I did gain some impressions, not strikingly new perhaps nor necessarily true, and for what they are worth I will try to set them down.

First of all, I detected little or no signs of the players being out of practice. From reading about the golf at Walton Heath I had gathered that I should see a good many wild shots betokening a long absence from the course. I am not one of those persons—I was going to write one of those fools—who say (Heavens! how often I have had to listen to them!): "What a comfort it is to see that even these fellows can make mistakes." To see a very good player make a very bad shot is to me rather depressing than otherwise; but, whichever is the sounder view, I was led to expect a good many of these bad shots and I did not observe them. There were some bad putts now and then and always will be as long as the game exists; that is nothing new and the play from tee to green seemed as good and powerful and accurate as of old. One or two very crooked drives there were at the first hole when everybody was straining to get up and nobody could quite do it, but to call the play wild would be an abuse of language. I was not at Fulwell, but the scores there were low enough in all conscience, and there cannot have been much wildness.

I am quite sure what impressed me most after my long rest and that—I am afraid there is nothing new about it—was the long iron shots up to the green and the players' power of making them pull up there. A good many of us possess to some extent at least the knack of stopping a pitch with a mashie or a mashie niblick, but it does not extend to the longer shots. I suspect that this is not because there is any mysterious art that we have not acquired, but simply because we are not strong enough. At any rate there it is; the professionals can do it, and we have to let the ball run. There was one particular stroke of Cotton's which seemed to me to rub this in. It was a second up to the tenth hole. Exactly how long the hole is I have forgotten, but nearly all the players seemed to be taking wood for their seconds; so it is, judged by the severest standards, a "good two-shot hole" and for most people decidedly more. Cotton had hit a particularly fine drive and took some kind of iron for his second. The wind was rather from the left and decidedly more with than against him. The ball plumped down on the green, gave one little wriggle and was still. Such a shot at that range and with a slightly following wind is one of those that make the onlooker say despairingly: "I wish I had had his complaint."

There was another shot, which I did not see but heard of from the great J. H., who certainly knows all about stopping iron shots and was almost incoherent with admiration. It was played at the next hole, the short eleventh, by Jowle, who is clearly one of the good young ones. I suppose the hole is about 150 to 160

yards long, and here again the wind was more or less following. Jowle's ball pitched past the hole and, if it did not positively come back from the pitch, had such a strong string metaphorically tied to it, that it remained stone dead, two feet away. Such shots are always thrilling, however often one may see them; they give such a sense of "power of cue," if one may borrow the language of another game. It is the sort of shot that Jock Hutchison was playing when he won his Open Championship at St. Andrews with his roughened irons which have since been made illegal. I am very far from desiring that the law be repealed, but when I can see such a shot played from a plain face it does give me a most agreeable shiver down the spine. I still remember one to the first hole at St. Andrews played in the Open Championship by the great Master James Bruen—he must be called Mister now. The ball very, very nearly spun back into the hole and I have never ceased to wish that it had quite.

Now as to the driving, it appeared just as alarmingly long as ever. If, as I was told, most of the players were using re-covered balls then the re-covered ball goes quite far enough and too far. However, I must not be led away here by that particular King Charles's head. The time for that will come again. One thing did strike me, again not new but always worth rubbing in, namely how well the professionals "stay down" to the ball. I do not merely mean that they keep their heads down when they hit it, but they keep the incline of their body till the ball has gone and the club has come right through. It was, I thought, particularly noticeable in the case of Cotton, but that may be only because one is apt to notice it in a tall man. One of the best examples of this virtue I ever saw was Jim Barnes, who was of course a very tall man. He had, on account of his height, to get down to the ball to address it, and having got there he stayed down most admirably. That it is a virtue is obvious and it is one that most of us do not possess or only on our good days.

RETURN TO THE FOREST

IT was years since we had walked in the forest, and indeed even now that we had a free day and a permit, we hesitated to go. It had been so wonderful for us there, so peaceful and somehow unearthly, wouldn't it be courting disillusion to go back?

Nevertheless we went, taking the steep, shady path that leads down to the lakes, trod thyme, watched basking fritillaries, crossed a dried-up brook and came at last to a small lake all but choked with floating leaves. Beside the lake two labourers were mending a stone wall. We spoke with them, named the foresters we used to know, mentioned cromlechs. "Oh yes, there's pretty near everything in the forest," one of them said.

Then we climbed a knoll that was smothered in yellow rock-rose and crowned with rock slabs set on edge and it was here above the lake that we came upon our old favourite the pyramidal orchis. "It bears at the summit," says Johns, "a dense cluster, broad at the base and tapering to a point, of small, deep rose-coloured flowers." How fondly we remembered it and how nobly it shone now from among the long grasses and the rock-roses!

Our way down to the lakeside was flanked by tall mulleins and it was Roger, who is five and so nearest of the three of us to earth, who found among them a Roman snail. We knelt to look at it; for is there anything more beautiful than this snail or any creature that so instantly stimulates imagination? Who cares if it be fable that from generation to generation it never strays far from the villas where its ancestors were eaten; we can enjoy "hoping it might be so."

Following the lakeside path, where herb

We are all too apt to let the body spring up like a Jack-in-the-box the instant the ball has gone, or for that matter sometimes before it has gone. If so it does not go very far or very straight.

I wish I had something really illuminating to say about the putting, something that would make the reader think, at least for the space of one round, that I was a heaven-sent tipster. New tips for putting are rather like the new putter which a friend of mine bought many years ago at St. Andrews and showed proudly to Old Tom, desiring his benison. "Aye," said the sage, "you'll be very pleased with it for a day or two." Putting tips often do not last as long even as that, but there are definite putting virtues "well tried through many a varying year." Shoesmith, as all the world knows, was holing putts "all over the place," and no man can do that day in and day out, but he had, as I saw him, one of those unfailing marks of a good putter; his club not only went through but went through low along the ground.

It was very interesting to watch Cotton apparently experimenting with a new grip with the two hands held distinctly apart. On the first day when I saw him he putted well and on the second day he did not, but that is a thing that can and does happen to anyone. It is certainly no ground for condemning any method, but I did not think Cotton looked wholly comfortable. I believe he had founded it on that of one of the very best of putters, Mr. Sidney Fry, but there is a well-known quotation ending "but the hands are the hands of Esau" that will come into my head. Mr. Fry's style is eminently characteristic with that perceptible thrust of the right hand, and, unless I am mistaken, he plays to pull the ball in at the right-hand side of the hole. It is a style of genius, not easily to be imitated, and I cannot say that in this case the imitation looked very like the model. One more small point does occur to me. The old professional style of putting with much "knuckling over" of the club and the right knee is as dead as a door-nail. The professionals of to-day stand still and have largely copied the squarer stance of Hagen and other great American putters. They do not yet putt as well as those Americans do but, if it may be said with respect, better than they once did.

Paris still grows, we found the way littered with birch bark. Looking up I saw that the whole of the upper half of a high tree had been savagely stripped, presumably by grey squirrels, though the rest of the tree was untouched. The stripped bark, we noticed, gave off a sweet smell.

We now came to the biggest of the lakes and at the instant we saw it the sun came from behind a cloud and, with the gold of rock-rose and lady's-slipper on the far bank and the silver of shimmering water and of white poplar rising from the island, made a hazy Tom Tiddler's ground, the one startling note the rich chestnut of a cock redstart's tail which appeared for that one brief moment in the middle distance. There on the far bank we had our meal; Roger with his feet in a rabbit burrow to keep him from rolling down among the water lilies. The only restless element now was the black-currant jam which, try as we would, kept going to earth. Once more J. considered re-boiling the rest of it to make it set.

"Perhaps a fairy'll come and change it into something quite different," suggested Roger helpfully.

"What sort of thing?"

"I think a pony and trap."

Certainly conditions for fairies seemed ideal, but none came, nor did anyone rush out to stop me from stripping and plunging into the lake, where the water was kind and clear and the lily stems not as importunate as I'd feared.

While I dressed, Roger dabbled in the lake with his toes. Meanwhile J. had found hound's-tongue, a magnificent clump, in full dusky flower, of deadly nightshade and some particularly fine bee orchids with, as always in our

experience, marbled white butterflies (once known as "our half-mourners") flying near them.

Most regretfully now we turned our backs on the scene and were soon nearing the leaf-covered lakelet, across which a small moorhen family was hurrying, the parents well in front, the three youngsters finding persicaria-jostling tough going. Indeed the last of the young ones looked like giving up the struggle altogether when suddenly it literally rose above it, taking giant strides over the flat leaves and in so doing diverting our attention almost, but not quite completely, from a small bird in the background which was sitting motionless on a small floating heap of weed, a few feet from where the wall menders had been working.

"It can't be a dabchick," said J., "or she would have dived long ago and put up a smoke-screen or whatever it is they do." But, of course, it was a dabchick and J. was lucky enough to be watching through the binoculars

when "with four smart right and left pecks," as Coward once noted, "she concealed the eggs and slipped into the water, in three seconds." I think our bird must have accustomed herself to the near presence of the workmen or she would never have allowed us such a view. Before leaving I saw her sleek little chestnut head once more beside the dripping nest, but quickly she re-submerged and stayed out of sight.

"What a bird for the ancients to let themselves go with," said J. as we wandered on. "You know: 'Should she be harried she, speedily making the sign of the cross, covereth her eggs with wet weed'—that sort of thing."

"Which weed," I suggested, "together with the heat of the bird's body, when she returneth, causeth the slime of the nest to ferment and so hatch the eggs. . . ."

At the foresters' lonely cottages, where a narrow stream runs between ferny walls close

beside the front doors and high cypresses in the garden are twined with ivy, we asked if there was a short cut to the station. But yes, we followed the packhorse track it would lead us to the coach road and then we should be well on our way. The steep packhorse track, running between high banks bearing gnarled beeches, buried our feet in dead leaves and made Roger ask to be carried. The coach road was easier, though so narrowed by vegetation it was hard to believe that it could ever have found room for a coach.

Even at the station, a mere home-made halt, the spell lingered, in marjoram growing strongly on the embankment and in a deep pile of willow shavings left by a hurdler between railway and stream.

They say the forest is haunted and I for one could easily believe it. At any rate I shall not hesitate to go ghost-hunting besides its lakes again.

DAVID GREEN.

CORRESPONDENCE

A VANISHED HOUSE

SIR,—In reply to Mr. John Summer-son's enquiry in your issue of September 7 about "the Greco-Lilliputian extravaganza near Exeter," this vanished house was called Combesatchfield, in the parish of Silverton, some seven miles north of Exeter. The park in which the ruin of the house used to stand was bought by my father, who demolished the few remaining portions, and built a house, which bears the same name, a few hundred yards to the north-east.

As far as I can remember, the core of the house was Georgian, and belonged to Lord Egremont. Some 70 or 80 years ago, he built around this former Georgian house the stucco extravaganza seen in the photograph you reproduced. As soon as it was completed, he was compelled by circumstances to sell the house, which was stripped and demolished.

When I first remember it, some thirty years ago, the pediment in the centre of the east wall was still standing, together with small portions of the shell of the original Georgian house. Pieces of the frieze, representing the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt,

am astonished at the quality of the photograph you have printed, the original of which must be at least 70 years old.—C. F. R. ACKLAND (Lt.-Col., R.A.), School of Anti-Aircraft Artillery, Gunnery Wing, Manorbier, South Wales.

TO OUTVIE PETWORTH?

SIR,—The picture of the lovely vanished house in COUNTRY LIFE is of Silverton, near Exeter, built by my grandfather's half-brother the last Earl of Egremont, who died before he had finished it. As a small child I stayed there frequently, with his widow, my great-aunt Jane, Countess of Egremont, who outlived her husband many years.

I can remember the house quite well, and playing in and out of the colonnades as a child, and as a great treat the steward, Corbett by name, with an enormous bunch of keys, used to unlock the unfinished rooms for my nurse and myself to see. It made a great impression on my childish mind. I remember the floors were unboarded and chimney-pieces unfinished, and there were large wooden cases, containing marbles and carvings, which Lord Egremont had brought from Italy and Florence in his yacht. I have many sketches of the house in my possession and letters written to my mother from there.

I was told, but cannot vouch for the truth, that the house was built to outvie Petworth. Lord Egremont's grief and anger being so great at not inheriting it. My great-aunt used to drive in a yellow coach from Orchard Wyndham to Silverton and stay a few months at each place—on one or two occasions I drove with her, a great ordeal for a child, as she had a gouty leg and I was told not to go near it.—F. CROZIER, Westhill, Yarmouth, Isle of Wight.

[We have also received letters identifying the house from Mr. Derek Sherborn and other correspondents.—ED.]

HOUR-GLASSES

SIR,—I send you photographs of two more old hour-glasses which you may like to publish. The one dated 1662 comes from Easthope, four miles from Wenlock, and beneath the famous Edge. The old church was famous for its wealth of woodwork, but this was all lost by fire some years ago. The glass has been replaced close to the pulpit. The other, with an equally decorative stand, is from Compton Bassett, Wiltshire, where there is a

lovely church.—M. W. Hereford.

A MULBERRY AVENUE

From Lord Revelstoke.

SIR,—Can any of your readers advise me how to deal with an ornamental mulberry avenue on Lambay Island, County Dublin?

Twenty-five years ago, twenty trees were planted ten feet apart on each side of a walk 70 yards long. They are now twelve feet high, the boles average six inches in diameter, and they are now rapidly damaging each other.

Should one remove every alternate tree, which would unquestionably give adequate space for good specimens, run the risk of the subsequent lack of self-protection (the position is rather exposed to the wind), and perhaps lose the true effect of an avenue, or should one cut them hard and continually which would result in an unnatural growth but, possibly, a sturdy and ornamental bank? The branches do not seem particularly inclined to intertwine.—REVELSTOKE, 32, Eaton Terrace, London, S.W.1.

[We should advise our correspondent to have every other tree removed: they will not seem too far apart for very long, the avenue effect will ultimately be restored, and the trees will prosper. Cutting them hard back would merely produce an uninteresting shrubbery. If it were thought desirable to save any of the trees for planting in another position they could be trepanned round now and removed next year.—ED.]

THE JACKDAWS' BATTLES

From the Duke of Bedford.

SIR,—I have often wondered at the capacity of the seemingly unarmed stock-dove to defend its nesting site, eggs and young from such apparently more formidable birds as jackdaws and owls, even though in my childhood I witnessed an all-day battle between stock-doves and jackdaws.

The blow of a pigeon's wing seems, however, to have a very disconcerting effect on an avian rival apparently much better armed, and the stock-dove is certainly no dove of peace, for his battles with his own species, in Springtime, are, as the Irishman said, "both bitter and regular—like man and wife"!—BEDFORD, Cairnsmore, Newton Stewart, Wigtownshire.

A SITE FOR TEMPLE BAR

SIR,—In your issue of September 7 you refer to the proposal to return Temple Bar to London and re-erect



THE EASTHOPE GLASS

See letter: Hour-glasses

it where it could be used once more. May I suggest that it be rebuilt on the site occupied by the now ruined church of St. Clement Danes? I understand that this church is not to be restored on its old site which is within 100 yards of the western boundary of the City where old Temple Bar formerly stood.

The church occupies an island site at the end of the Strand and the re-erection of Temple Bar here would not affect traffic and it would have the added advantage of making the old Bar available as the ceremonial entrance to the City of London where the Lord Mayor would meet the Sovereign.—GEORGE W. EDWARDS, East Dulwich, S.E.22.

[If it is true, as we are informed, that St. Clement Danes, with all its rich associations, is not to be restored, there may be something to say for our correspondent's suggestion.—ED.]

LOCAL AUTHORITIES AND THE SUPPLY OF ELECTRICITY

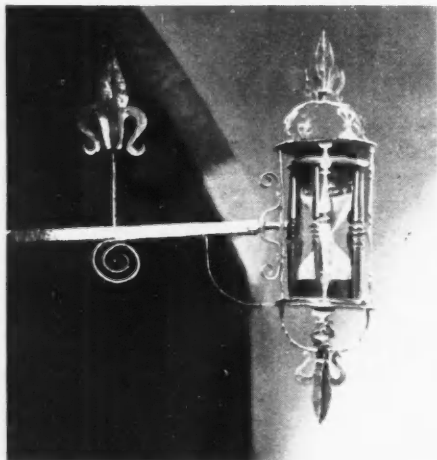
SIR,—One would imagine that the supply of electricity in rural areas would be a lively interest to many readers of COUNTRY LIFE, in which faith one ventures to make the following suggestion.

It appears that the great difficulty in this field is the disinclination to guarantee the use of so much current as may repay the costs of installation in the very short period the supply companies seem willing to allow.

Could not these be spread over a much longer period by utilising the local authorities as underwriters of any risk?

These bodies would have knowledge of periods of occupation and vacancy of the farms, and one feels that with light at a reasonable price even the cottage would not forgo the convenience once it had been enjoyed.

If this extension was made under



FROM COMPTON BASSETT

See letter: Hour-glasses

are still to be seen in cottage gardens in the neighbourhood; and a number of large granite blocks, and much of the stone and brickwork, were used in the building of my father's house.

The variegated holly tree, seen at the south-east corner of the house in the photograph, is still standing; and there are a number of rare trees still remaining in the park. The cottages and stables, about 400 yards to the west of the house, are still inhabited.

Although there is in existence a small painting of the house, I have never seen a photograph before, and

the aegis of, say, County Councils it may be assumed that little money would be wasted and over such an area any deficiencies due to default or vacancy would be trifling. Any channel by which this amenity may reach the countryside might be well worth examination.

The promotion of bus services by, I think, the Durham County Council has much in common with this suggestion.—JOHN A. WILSON, *Houndapit, Kilhampton, Cornwall.*

THIS YEAR'S BUTTERFLIES

SIR,—On September 1 my brother and I caught a perfect specimen of a female convolvulus hawk moth. May this mean that like some other species, notably the comma and the large tortoiseshell, they are getting commoner in the British Isles?—D. C. R. MORRIS-MARSHAM (aged 15 years), *Elm Green Farm, Danbury, Essex.*

THE SWALLOW-TAIL

SIR,—It may interest you to learn that a few days ago I found five caterpillars of the swallow-tail butterfly feeding in a row of carrots in my garden.

One has since escaped; the remaining four are preparing for pupation.

I shall endeavour to bring them safely through to the stage of the perfect winged insect.—K. G. CAMPBELL (Col.), *Standen House, Newport, Isle of Wight.*

A GURKHA STORY

SIR,—Some days ago I had occasion to visit our H.Q. On entering the Mess, my eye was immediately attracted to four copies of your excellent magazine, which I very promptly "acquired." As I am at present serving in China it occurred to me that you may be interested to know that COUNTRY LIFE even reaches us here, albeit somewhat out of date. Of the four copies, two are dated October and two December of last year. However, the magazine does not seem to date at all and is as fresh to-day as the day on which it left the press.

To us out here, it has a further attribute—it transfers us home in the twinkling of an eye. Once again we stroll those delightful leafy lanes, rush down the wing or, on Summer days, lie on the grass and watch the close of the day's play on the village green wishing to oneself that one had not been tempted to have a "go" at that one. One other reason for my delight in these papers is the fact that they contain no pictures of great defence works and mammoth guns. Nor have the diagrams of how the battle was fought and won, or lost, or sketches depicting the fighting at so-and-so. No, here is the England we all dream of, presented in a most delightful form.

The story about the Gurkha in training for air-borne warfare by A.B.C. in the issue dated October 20 reminded me of another I was told last year when I was earning my own wings. It was said that one of the youngest of those great little fellows went home on leave to Nepal some time after his training. He was very proud of his wings, and proceeded to tell his father, an ex-soldier, how he came to have them. He related the events of his training and concluded with an awe-inspiring account of how he jumped out of an aeroplane at heaven knows how many feet. It is said, though I should not like to vouch for the veracity of the statement, that this caused the "old man" to take the youth outside and administer a thorough and unrestrained chastisement. Indeed! Coming home and telling tales like that—I don't know what the world's coming to!

In appreciation,—JOHN SMALL (Capt., Royal Marines), *Main H.Q. "E" Group, S.E.A. India Comds, New Delhi, India.*



COYPU THAT KNOW THEIR NAMES

See letter: On a Yorkshire Coypu Farm

17th-CENTURY STAFFS

SIR,—In a recent issue you published a photograph of an ivory stick 2 ft. 8 ins. in length. I was interested to read the reasons given by your correspondent why it could not have been made from the horn of a narwhal, but was probably cut from the tusk of a mammoth.

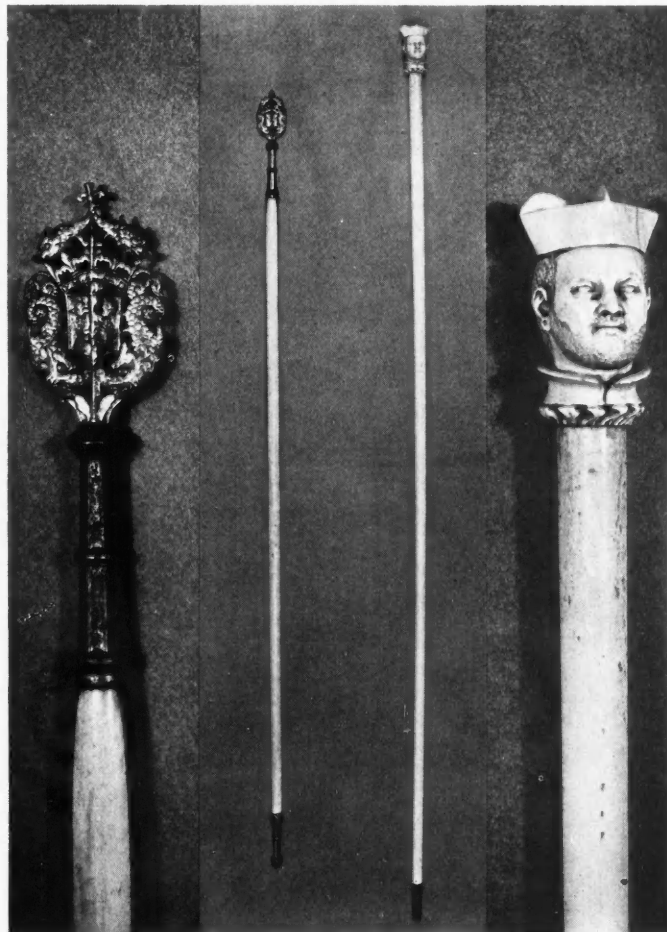
I am enclosing photographs of two ivory staffs here, both made in one piece, absolutely straight, and even longer, one being just over 46 inches. It is capped with the head of an ecclesiastic wearing a biretta, apparently of 17th-century date. The other, slightly shorter, has a head of steel, pierced and engraved with the arms of France, crowned and supported by dolphins, and probably was carried by a court official of the Grand Dauphin during the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV.—JAMES G. MANN, *The Wallace Collection, Manchester Square, W.1.*

ported by dolphins, and probably was carried by a court official of the Grand Dauphin during the latter part of the reign of Louis XIV.—JAMES G. MANN, *The Wallace Collection, Manchester Square, W.1.*

ON A YORKSHIRE COYPU FARM

SIR,—Your editorial reference to the coypu, following a reader's remarks about a strange beast in Gloucestershire (COUNTRY LIFE, August 10), reminded me of a nutria farm which I visited at Spoforth, near Wetherby, Yorkshire, just before the war.

The owner had managed to rear about 300 animals here, never losing one through either death or escape.



17th-CENTURY IVORY STAFFS MADE IN ONE PIECE, THE LONGER JUST OVER 46 INS.

See letter: 17th-century Staffs

To guard against the latter he made "pens" enclosed by sheets of corrugated iron sunk two or three feet in the ground. Their burrowing habits are, of course, notorious, and I was told that their powerful yellow teeth could "bite through a tree." For nests, the owner provided them with tin cans, boxes or lengths of piping. Moreover, he found them quite responsive to his whistle, or to his call, "Come on boys," and fairly responsive to such names—Beelzebub, Mary, Rebecca, etc.—as their individual characteristics had suggested.

Most of the animals I saw were about 14 ins. to 18 ins. long. They have webbed rear feet and front feet not unlike the human hand. These few details, together with the fact that the little brown beggars feast on grass, vegetables, mangolds, roots, cabbage leaves and clover, may help your correspondent to determine whether his strange beast was indeed a coypu. I also enclose a photograph taken on the coypu farm.—G. BERNARD WOOD, *Rawdon, Leeds.*

WHAT BIRD?

SIR,—I wonder if you could give me any information on an unusual bird which I heard on the night of March 23. About 9.30 I was outside and noticed a noise rather resembling the high-pitched sound sometimes made by a cow "mooring." The note of distress and constant repetition made me take notice and I realised that it was certainly nothing to do with cattle. It sounded as if the creature settled on the marshes and the crying ended in a kind of chuck (unmistakably made by a bird). Later at about midnight I heard the same loud haunting cry again coming nearer and I hurried to look out of the window. It was bright moonlight and the cry was high up passing swiftly inland and I heard the whistle of strong wings, but it was not the musical sound made by swans' wings that one hears here from time to time. I could see nothing and the sound faded into the distance.

I looked up geese and swans in my bird book, but I am certain that there was only one bird, so I am wondering if it could have been a whooper swan which is the only bird that seems to fit the very insufficient supply of information I can give as to the sounds I heard.

It was not quite like the honking of geese, but a constant loud cry on one note rising towards the end, quite short but constantly repeated, giving one a feeling of distress.

I should be so very much interested if anyone could tell me what it was likely to have been.—MARGARET GRUBBE, *The Priory, Blythburgh, near Halesworth, Suffolk.*

BIRDS AND ANIMALS ON ACTIVE SERVICE

SIR,—I was greatly interested to read in COUNTRY LIFE the story of Gertie the Pullet and her service with the 8th Hussars.

Among the members of this Club is another hen—a black one, called Sarah—which joined a Light A.A. Battery of the R.A. in North Africa (in exchange for a pair of trousers) and accompanied the Battery throughout the advance from Pont du Fahs to Zaghouan, "witnessing a deal of fighting," to quote an officer of the unit. She embarked for the invasion of Pantellaria, where she reared a family of three in spite of constant dive-bombing. She returned to North Africa, but, unfortunately, owing to a quick move, the family could not be rounded up, and Sarah travelled on alone in an old ration-box: sometimes on a 3-ton lorry, sometimes, during sea trips, on the deck of a ship, but in spite of rough roads, cramped quarters and great discomfort, she never failed to produce eggs! even on board ship during rough weather.

When last heard of she was in luxury quarters in an Italian hen-

house, enjoying a well-earned rest in the company of Italian friends.

Several geese enrolled in this Club have also had stirring, adventurous times with their Units, and Cressida, the famous ex-prisoner-of-war falcon is another member.

Dogs, cats, pigeons, rabbits, goats, donkeys, a lioness, a mongoose, in fact almost every kind of living creature has served with the Allied forces on land, or sea, or in the air, either as mascots, or in a more active capacity. Many are enrolled in this Club, which was formed in 1943 with the object of compiling as full a record as possible of their histories for the Imperial War Museum, and also to award the Dickin Medal for Gallantry, the highest award any animal or bird serving in this war can win. Twenty-two dogs and pigeons are now entitled to wear its ribbon, including Royal Blue, a pigeon owned by the

THE KESTREL AND ITS PREY

SIR,—You have in the past had some interesting correspondence in COUNTRY LIFE on the manner in which kestrels attack their prey.

My experience with hawks is that kestrels do not strike with the beak but just swoop down without alighting and pick up their prey in their talons without injuring the victim for the time being.

Fifty years ago, during vacation, I spent a lot of time in a pheasant-rearing field in the South of Scotland protecting the very young pheasants from kestrels, which were fairly numerous.

This required concentration as these hawks came down so quickly, picked up a pheasant, and were off almost in the time one can turn around. When this occurred I used to fire a shot with the result that the kestrel immediately dropped the pheasant, which was none the worse for its experience. Now if the kestrel were to strike first there would be no chance of a small pheasant surviving.

The eagle must work in the same manner, as we read of the cat which had been carried off by an eagle having fought until it brought the eagle down to earth again.—JOHN E. WHITE, Public Parks Board, Winnipeg, Canada.

[It is the general rule with owls, hawks, eagles, harriers, falcons and so on, to use the feet for striking and capturing prey, only employing the beak later.—ED.]

SOUTH AFRICAN CHURCH

SIR,—I wonder if some of your readers would be interested in the enclosed photographs showing the exterior and interior of a very primitive church not away in the wilds but at Elgin, about forty miles from Cape Town.

Such churches are fairly common in this country. They are built by coloured and native congregations who have very little money to spare for alms-giving and sometimes none at all for church building. These lowly buildings are usually well filled at service times and the singing is very hearty. The leaning over of the building is due to the very strong south-east winds that blow in these parts.—EDWARD MILES, Woodstock, Cape Province, South Africa.

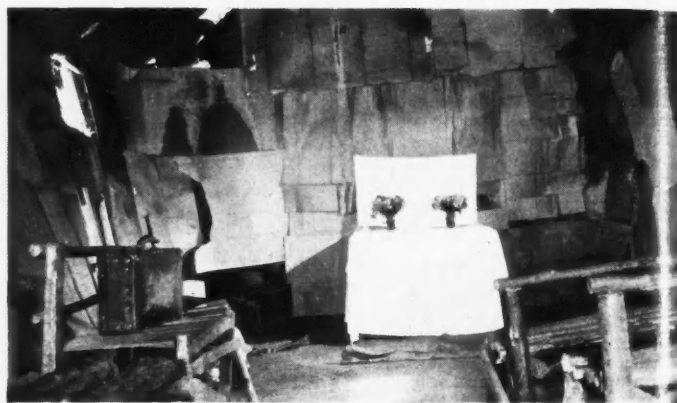
AT COBURG

SIR,—Your readers might be interested to see whether they can at first glance identify the subject of the enclosed photograph, which I forward by the kindness of Sir George Arthur, to whom it was sent.

The photograph is of a high relief, in alabaster, in the Collection of Antiquity and Art at Coburg, and is entitled *Noli me tangere*.

The scene portrayed is that of Our Lord appearing after the Crucifixion to Mary Magdalene: St. John, chapter xx, verse 15, "she, supposing him to be the gardener . . ." and verse 17, "Jesus saith unto her, Touch me not; for I am not yet ascended . . ."

The figure of Our Lord is set forth in the substance of the Magdalene's imagination, which alone renders



INSIDE THE CHURCH AT ELGIN

See letter: South African Church

it distinctive; but the features of the Mary—so strangely reminiscent of Queen Victoria, and certainly more suggestive of Hanover than of Magdala—serve to heighten the general curiosity of the piece.—HENRY MAXWELL, Carlton Club, 69, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

TO DEFEAT THE GREY SQUIRREL

SIR,—I wonder if either you or any of your readers could advise me if it is possible to keep grey squirrels away from a vegetable garden.

There are large numbers of them in this part of the country and my garden has been stripped of almost all vegetables. Mine is by no means an isolated case, and I am practically certain that the squirrels are the culprits. Shooting is not an easy remedy, as many of us get home only for short spells of leave.—COLIN FORBES, Rotherwood, Fittleworth, Sussex.

A UNIQUE HOST

SIR,—In relation to the recent article on the mulberry, I thought that possibly you might like to use the enclosed photograph of the only recorded case of mistletoe on *Morus alba*. I am sorry that I have not now a print of the whole tree. It was implanted by Nature on the white mulberry (*Morus alba*) at Perrystone, Foy, Herefordshire. I photographed it some years ago. The county also could then boast of two other unusual hosts—zelkova and the holly.—H.E.D., Cambridge.

GREEN WOODPECKER v. MAGPIE

SIR,—The green woodpecker does not by any means have everything its own way in the bird world. In June last year I saw a green woodpecker, which was digging at the edge of the lawn, attacked by a magpie, which drove it off after a fight and then dug away at the hole itself. I thought the woodpecker should have been able to defeat the magpie.

Later in the Summer I saw, to my amusement, an attempt at mobbing a green woodpecker by an odd collection of small birds, and think such a proceeding must be unusual.

One morning about 8.30 three blackbirds were digging on the lawn

after a wet night, when a green woodpecker joined them, at a little distance. The blackbirds must have sent out some sort of silent signal for assistance, for immediately from underneath a deodar a motley collection of birds appeared. These extras consisted of one thrush, one robin, one additional blackbird and a great tit. The seven small birds made a ring round the woodpecker which took not the slightest notice of them. Then an angry blackbird



MISTLETOE ON A MULBERRY

See letter: A Unique Host



THE CHURCH LEANING AWAY FROM THE WIND

See letter: South African Church

King; Rob, the war dog with 20 parachute drops to his credit; four of the famous M.A.P. rescue dogs; and also Rifleman Kahn, an Alsatian who saved his handler from drowning at Walcheren under shell-fire.

We welcome news of any Service animals or birds, and new members can still be enrolled. Full particulars and enrolment forms will gladly be sent from this office.—DOROTHEA ST. HILL BOURNE, Secretary, Allied Forces Mascot Club, 14, Clifford Street, London, W.1.

SIR,—With regard to a letter, *Birds with the Army*, in COUNTRY LIFE, may I mention that in my book *Regimental Mascots and Pets* there are accounts of Jemima the Hen, that went through the last war in South Africa, including the siege of Ladysmith, and Jock the Goose that saw service in Ireland, England and Egypt. Both were mascots of 1st The Royal Dragoons.—T. J. EDWARDS (Major), Summer Road, Thames Ditton, Surrey.



NOLI ME TANGERE

See letter: At Coburg

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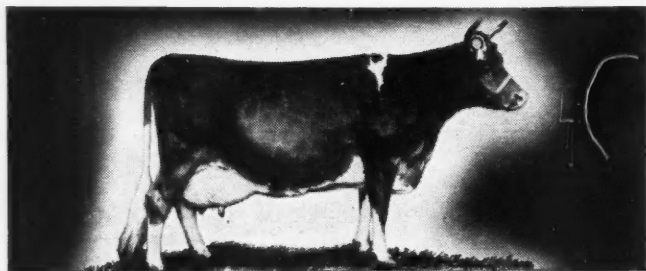


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—THE WAY OF TO-DAY FOR THE CROPS OF TO-MORROW

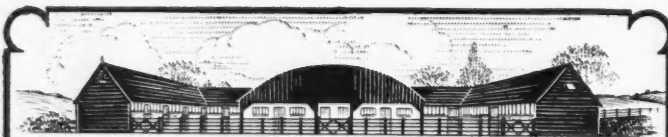


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FARMING NOTES

THE HARVEST HOME

AFTER some exasperating delays corn harvest finished up well in most districts. It has been a topsy-turvy harvest. The West Coast of Scotland, and indeed Scotland as a whole, and the North-western counties of England have had much better weather to move quickly than the Southern counties of England. Cornwall and Devon had the worst weather: the farmers there were held up badly. There was some good weather in the far West in early August, and some of the Autumn wheat was gathered in good order, but little of the Spring-sown barley or oats was fit to cut and then the storms came and battered down the corn. Some fields could only be cut one way with the binder, and some were too tangled to be dealt with except by the hay mower. The quality of the grain and the straw is bound to suffer under such conditions. Oat straw saved in good order is valuable feed for cattle, and, with the large numbers of cattle being carried in Devon and Cornwall, farmers there need all the forage they can get. Last Winter truck-loads of hay were being sent for several hundred miles into the far West, and the cost to the farmer there was £10-£12 a ton.

Autumn Sowing in the West

THE farmers of Devon and Cornwall have done so well during the war, making strenuous efforts to grow big acreages of grain, that they deserved better fortune this year. "One point occurs to me. Is it not possible in Devon and Cornwall to grow more Autumn-sown oats and barley? What I have in mind is that Autumn crops would be ready for harvesting in late July or early August when there is often a better chance of real harvest weather. There is an excellent Autumn oat called S.147, which was bred at Aberystwyth. It is a white oat with not too much husk, and the straw stands well to harvest. The Autumn barleys are not of malting type. The best of them as a feed barley is probably Camton which yields well and has a stiff straw. Cornwall and Devon are not areas to which one would look for malting barley. They want their grain for feeding and Camton should suit them well. I imagine, too, that the Ministry of Food will still be buying barley after the 1946 harvest.

Early Threshing

FROM what I have seen in a 200-mile journey from the West of England to East Anglia I judge that a bigger proportion than usual of wheat and barley has been threshed at harvest or immediately out of the rick. One of the Ministry of Food's buyers tells me that their drying plants and silos have been overwhelmed with barley. Indeed, if the Ministry had not been buying barley freely at 90s. a quarter in many cases and down to 80s., barley at the moment would be worth about half this price. The maltsters have been turning down offers left and right. They have bought some to keep them going immediately, but they much prefer barley that has mellowed in the rick for a month or six weeks at least.

Reducing Costs

WHAT is the reason for so much of this immediate threshing? It cannot be that farmers are short of cash. It is, I think, partly because immediate threshing without the cost of rickling and thatching reduces costs. Moreover, there has been some extra labour available this harvest. In my journey across England I saw many gangs of German prisoners set to work with the threshing machines. It is

understandable, of course, that there should be more grain on the market at harvest time with a bigger number of combine harvesters at work. They make the most economic job of all. With the break in Lend-Lease supplies we shall not see so many new combine harvesters until our own manufacturers can get busy.

500,000 Fewer Acres of Grain

THE total acreage of grain harvested in 1945 was half a million acres less than in 1944 or 1943. Wheat took the biggest drop. Instead of 3,280,000 acres, the peak 1943 figure in England and Wales, we grew 2,188,000 acres. Barley was up and so was oats, but not to an extent that balanced the fall in wheat. I expect we shall see some recovery in the wheat acreage in 1946, despite the drop in the acreage payment from £4 to £2. Farmers in most districts like to get some of their corn planted in the Autumn and it was the wet Autumn of 1944 that cut down this year's wheat acreage.

Potato Acreage

THERE has been a drop in the potato acreage this year. I am surprised about this because in common with my neighbours I was directed to grow just the same acreage of potatoes as in the last two years. I thought everyone was being treated alike. It is true enough that the total for England and Wales of 943,000 acres is more than double the pre-war figure. I expect we shall have to go on growing more potatoes than we would choose for at least another year. When I was in South Lincolnshire I found that their potatoes are being shipped to the Continent, presumably to feed our troops and the Americans. This responsibility will presumably continue and it may happen that supplies of old season potatoes will be almost exhausted before the 1946 new potatoes come on the market. The gap will not be so great as it has been during the war years because the Channel Islands will be back in the market with very early supplies.

Increase in Dairy Cows

THE nation's dairy herd continues to increase. The 1945 figure for England and Wales was again higher than for any previous year. Younger cattle are also increasing. At a time when many farmers are cleaning up their herds and getting rid of reactors we need an extra big reserve of young stock to maintain the milking herd. But once a milking herd is clear of diseases that shorten the dairy cow's life we shall not need to rear so many heifers and we shall be able to select replacement stock more carefully. The attested herds that are well established do not have to keep all their home-bred heifers. They have a surplus for sale because the average life of the cow in the herd is prolonged by one or two lactations.

More Sheep at Last

IT is welcome news that sheep numbers are at last beginning to increase. Breeding ewes had been declining until last year. We had under 5 million ewes against over 7 million in 1939. Now in England and Wales we are just over the 5 million mark again, and including the shewings and lambs the total number of sheep is nearly 13 million. Pig numbers move up slowly. We need a much more vigorous policy to encourage pig breeding. Poultry are also increasing and the number of young birds shows a satisfactory jump.

CINCINNATUS.

THE ESTATE MARKET

CONTINUANCE OF A LONG TENURE

COLONEL HARRY STREATFEILD, D.S.O., lately resolved to dispose of Hoath House, Chiddingstone, just over four miles from Edenbridge, on the border of Kent and Sussex. His family's tenure of the property began in the fifteenth century, and the news of its probable termination was generally regretted in the district. His agent, Mr. Amery Underwood (Messrs. Hampton and Sons) says the break of this exceptionally long tenure has happily been averted, as Colonel Streetfeild has sold the property to a cousin. The half-timbered house is partly Elizabethan, and it has additions made at great cost in the year 1938.

Remarkable prices were realised for freehold fruit plantations near Rainham, close to the Medway. For 5 acres of various fruits the final bid was £21,000; and other sales included nearly 4 acres of pear trees for £4,300.

There is a notable flow of Hampshire freeholds into the market, many of them in the Test valley. Among sales by Messrs. James Harris and Son were that at Winchester, of Hensting Farm, 255 acres with a modernised old farm-house and cottages, for £11,600, after spirited competition.

Tiverton property called The Castle is one of a great many West Country sales recently effected through Harrods Estate Offices, and Mr. Frank D. James, manager of the Offices, reports a rising enquiry for Surrey and Sussex freeholds.

By the purchase of Stanford Rivers Hall Farm, at Ongar, the London Co-operative Society has brought its ownership of Essex land up to 4,300 acres. Recent dealings by co-operative societies have included the buying of great London blocks of business premises, and large hotels in seaside resorts.

IN THE COTSWOLDS

WRITING from Eaton Place, Mr. Kenneth de Courcy says: "The Maugersbury Estate of 1,700 acres, including almost the entire village of Maugersbury and a rent roll of approximately £2,300 a year, has been sold privately." Mr. Kenneth de Courcy on behalf of his Trust Company, of which he is Chairman, has signed a contract for the purchase. The bulk of the estate is to be transferred to the Icomb Place property which Mr. de Courcy purchased privately in 1944, with two smaller properties in the vicinity, purchased last year by his mother, Mrs. Stephen de Courcy. Maugersbury Manor itself, the park, a small portion of agricultural land and a few cottages are for the present being retained by Mr. de Courcy's Trust, while Rock House has been sold to the tenant.

BAMPTON GRANGE SOLD

BAMPTON GRANGE, Oxfordshire, a 17th-century house rich in decorative work of the Adam style, notably the carved mantels and the doors, has been sold with about 20 acres, to the Marquess of Downshire, by Mrs. Lakin, for whom Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley acted.

The revised date of the auction of Bilsington Priory, between Romney Marsh and Ashford, has been fixed, namely, October 2 at Ashford. The agents are Messrs. Alfred J. Burrows, Clements, Winch and Sons and Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley. The late Lord Justice Luxmoore bought Bilsington Priory in 1929 and he spent a large sum in additional improvements. The contents of the house will come under the hammer later in October. Sir Reginald Blomfield designed the house, and it was erected

in 1907 on a site commanding a view, across Romney Marsh, of the Channel. The estate of 723 acres has upon it model farm buildings, put up in the year 1908 at a cost of over £10,000. The late Mr. R. J. Balston's Bilsington herd of Shorthorns was kept there, and stock sold for export to South America, South Africa and elsewhere included the bull Golden Harvest for which a Buenos Aires buyer paid £5,250. In the grounds is an Augustinian Priory founded in 1253 and surrendered in the reign of Henry VIII. Mason's marks indicate that the builders worked under William of Sens who rebuilt Canterbury Cathedral. Restoration was carried out under the direction of the late Mr. J. T. Micklethwaite.

ANOTHER CRUCIAL DATE

TO the already long list of dates that must be borne in mind in relation to real property as affected by the war one more has to be added, namely, the end of the war with Japan. Pursuant to the Validation of War-time Leases Act, 1944, an Order in Council has been made declaring August 15 to be that date. It is certain that when landlords and tenants entered into tenancy agreements in, say, 1940, "for the duration of the war" they did not visualise anything beyond the European conflict. But the course of events materially extended the implications of the words "the war," and, to enable more of the persons who wish to avail themselves of the Validation Act to proceed, the declaration of the date of V-J Day has had to be promulgated.

WELSH SALES OF FARMS

LORD BOSTON'S executors having to dispose of the Anglesey estate of Lligwy, accepted offers from the tenants for 36 of the 59 lots. At the auction in Benllech, by Messrs. Alfred Savill and Sons and Messrs. David Jones and Sons, over a dozen lots found buyers. The aggregate realisations exceed £44,000.

A long-forgotten chord in many a reader's mind will be struck by mention of the Abbot of Aberbrothock. The Abbot was granted land on the Dee, near Aberdeen, and his 13th-century possessions adjoined or included what, as Ardoe, over 900 acres, will shortly be brought under the hammer by Mr. Jackson Staps.

The Duke of Bedford's Wigtownshire house, Cairnmore, near Newton Stewart, is to be let furnished for a few months, by Messrs. Knight, Frank and Rutley, with 10 acres of gardens and meadow, and rights of fishing and boating in a loch.

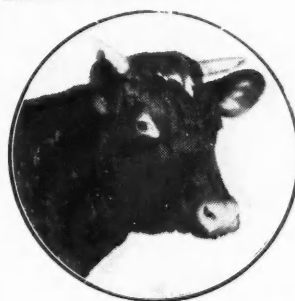
Welsh Border agricultural and residential freeholds are specified in a new list of sales by Messrs. Chamberlaine-Brothers and Harrison.

"BAD FARMING" ORDERS

ALTHOUGH it was generally known that a good many farmers had been turned out of their holdings on account of allegations of bad farming, the total number, which can now be stated, reaches a magnitude that will surprise most people. Farmers who have had to leave home and farm in England and Wales number 2,353, and 424 others have been deprived of their land but not the houses. In addition, nearly 43,600 acres have been taken from 578 non-resident farmers. The new Minister of Agriculture is sympathetically reviewing the arguments for granting a right of appeal to an independent tribunal by dispossessed farmers. Such a right was refused by his predecessor in office on the ground that the procedure of dispossession prevented any injustice.

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NEW BOOKS

THE PERFECT
MID-VICTORIAN

Reviews by HOWARD SPRING

MR. MICHAEL SADLEIR, who is our greatest authority not only on Trollope but on mid-Victorian novelists of all degrees, has given us a new and revised edition of *Trollope* (Constable, 10s.) which was first published some years ago, and in it he makes the important point that those who speak simply of "Victorianism" fail to understand that Victorianism was not one thing but several things.

Lord Elton, in *Imperial Commonwealth*, reviewed here last week, speaks of the empire which grew before 1870 and of the imperialisms which were manufactured thereafter. The 'seventies, which Lord

together; and, indeed, they cannot be harnessed, seeing that their likeness is of method and never of intention. But in the plays of Ibsen you will find the dialogue going on and on, and you are often hard put to it to say why it holds you breathlessly. The surface-pattern appears to be commonplace, yet the impact upon the hearer's mind is deeply dramatic and suggestive, and finally the flick of a word will show you whither all is tending—the didactic intention of the dramatist.

It is here that the similarity breaks down, for Trollope never had any didactic intention; or at any rate it was his belief that, however much a novelist might hope that his work should influence the reader's mind,

TROLLOPE. By Michael Sadleir.

(Constable, 10s.)

ACCOUNT RENDERED. By Vera Brittain.

(Macmillan, 9s. 6d.)

Elton sees as marking a change in political manners, are significant to Mr. Sadleir for a change in social manners. He gives the label Mid-Victorianism to the period from 1851 to 1879, and it is of this period that he finds Trollope the man to be an exemplar, and Trollope the novelist to be a voice.

TROLLOPE: THE MAN

You must go to the book for Mr. Sadleir's acute examination and estimate of the period. He sees more in it than was seen by the host of those who, of late, damned with sweeping lack of discrimination all things "Victorian." Here I want to write rather of his estimate of the man. I think you will go a long way before finding an estimate which sees so closely both what Trollope is and what he is not. It must be counted to Mr. Sadleir's critical righteousness that what Trollope is means more to him than what he is not. "A man can only be himself" he writes—a simple-sounding phrase, but containing more critical common sense than most critics arrive at.

What Trollope is, in relation to mid-Victorianism, is "the articulate perfection of its normal quality." That, I think, could hardly be bettered. Never was there a novelist less inclined to climb heights or explore depths. But, too, never was there one who so effortlessly (as it seems) made the surface-pattern of life so interesting. I never find Trollope enchanting, exciting, inspiring. I know no other English novelist so interesting. To venture into the broad acres of his narrative is like taking a walk in the fields of, let us say, Cheshire, where you may ramble all day and find no one object that calls for panegyric, yet come home profoundly satisfied and with a mind enriched by countless small, customary things.

Mr. Sadleir speaks truly of Trollope's power to dramatise the undramatic. I know of only one other writer who is his equal in this, and that is Ibsen. They may seem, at first thought, a queer pair to harness

the instruction should permeate invisibly, rather than perceptibly emerge at any recognisable point.

Trollope's letter to Kate Field, a young aspirant to fiction, is precise in this matter. "If you are writing an essay," he says, "you have to convey, of course, your own ideas and convictions to another mind. You will, of course, desire to do so in fiction also, and may ultimately do so (when your audience is made) more successfully than by essay-writing. But your first object must be to charm and not to teach. You must avoid the 'I' not only in the absolute expressed form of the pronoun, but even in regard to the reader's appreciation of your motives. Your reader should not be made to think that you are trying to teach, or to preach, or to convince. Teach, and preach, and convince if you can—but first learn the art of doing so without seeming to do it."

Wise old man! How many novelists there are who have not learned this first lesson of their craft!

CUDGELLING

Trollope's habit of persistent daily work is so well known that there are many who, even to this day, foolishly see him as a harassed hack. Some of his own modest words tend to encourage the idea. Again to Miss Field, he writes: "The thing is done by cudgelling" and his critics, happily fewer now, as critics tend to be when popularity comes or returns, would have gladly seized on that as proving all their charges. But the phrase goes on: "—but you must exercise your mind upon it. . . . Both sympathy and imagination must be at work—and must work in unison—before you can attract."

There seems small doubt that there was deep thought behind Trollope's apparently casual methods. As well as a grand story-teller, he is a novelist that most novelists could tudy with advantage.

Miss Vera Brittain must forgive my saying that she, for one, could, with great advantage, ponder Trollope's

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letters to Kate Field. Her new novel *Account Rendered* (Macmillan, 9s. 6d.) has the author's opinions and prejudices sticking out all over it. Rarely, indeed, do we lose sight of the blackboard and the pointer or forget that what we are considering is not a collection of human beings caught up in the tangled joys and sorrows of life but a problem of conduct, with these beings for integers, and with the novelist there to write finally her Q.E.D.

HONEYMOON DISCOURSE

Consider, for example, Francis Halkin, who passed through the last war with disastrous consequences to his mind. After the war, he married and went to the Mendips for his honeymoon. In Cheddar Gorge, lying on the hillside with his wife, he said this: "In a way, it seems symbolic of our own times. I mean, the war tore just the same kind of terrific rent in our social and economic fabric—and yet hardly anyone, no more than a handful of people, saw and heard that rent or understood what it signified. But some day, a race of men who'll think of us as half-blind intellectual pygmies will understand and sum it all up. To their mental eyes, the historic catastrophes of our age will seem as clear as this great cleft in the hills looks to the physical eyes of you and me!"

I can imagine a professor at the London School of Economics rolling out these careful, rounded, and rehearsed periods; but I'm hanged if they seem to me to have anything to do with the passionate staccato ecstasy of a honeymoon.

I have not dredged carefully through the book to find this passage: it is characteristic of the whole. Even when a number of people are in conversation, we are aware that the author is pulling the strings to lead all to a certain point. As, indeed, she should and must. But we should be permitted to enjoy the carillon without seeing the sweating bell-ringers.

Miss Brittain is willing, too, to strain the probability of fact. Her Francis Halkin was a promising musician. There came a moment in his career which was to be his public launching as a pianist in London. At a great concert, under a famous conductor, he was to play the piano part in a Tchaikovsky concerto. When he sat down to the piano "his head began to swim and his hands to tremble. He struck a few chords at random, only to realise that they had no coherence . . . and then everything about him went blank."

THE CLOCKS

I HEAR them in the dark and silent house;
—As though a crutch were tapping to-and-fro,
Old clocks upon the staircase of the hours
Upward and downward go.

Naïve enamels gleam behind the glasses—
Emblems and flowers and figures thin and old—
But the watchful eyes are wide in the fallow faces,
—Restless and bold.

Dead sounds and leaden notes: the sinister beating
Of wooden tools that fashion the warning word:
The ceaseless prattle of insignificant seconds
In silence overheard.

Cases of oak with shadowy edges and faces:
Coffins sealed up in the coldness of ancient walls;
Where Time's old bones are laid in vigilant slumber
And terror wakes and calls.

These clocks with their watchful eyes unwavering,
stern,
Like old domestics they move when no voice commands;

—These clocks that I question and question; how
tightly they clasp
My fear in their hands.

ALEC SMITH.

He awoke in a hotel suite occupied by a lady who was interested in furthering his career. She said: "You needn't worry about this getting into the Press. I've seen to that."

Now it is necessary for the development of the story that certain people should not know of Francis's breakdown on this great public occasion, and therefore, of course, nothing must appear in the newspapers. But knowing, I think, a bit more about newspapers than Miss Brittain does, I cannot accept this episode. Here is a conductor of, say, Sir Henry Wood's or Sir Thomas Beecham's eminence. Here is a crowded concert-hall, with an audience waiting to hear a new pianist in a famous work. He collapses across the instrument and is carried out of the hall. Presumably, in default of a musician, this glittering public occasion breaks down, too. And Lady Flora Ledburne casually announces that nothing will get into the Press. "I've seen to that." Just like that! I don't believe it.

This novel is the work of a woman with a deep revulsion against easily-accepted beliefs that war, with its tragic aftermath in so many individual lives, should be accepted with the apparent lightness with which it is, in fact, accepted by so many. It is also concerned with those ideas associated with the hack phrase "the amelioration of the lot of the workers." It takes a look at our present treatment of criminals, lunatics and other unfortunate people. In short, it is the work of a writer with a wide-awake social conscience.

A NOVELIST'S CONCERN

But all this is a long way from saying that it is the work of a good novelist. Miss Storm Jameson, before this present war, wrote bitterly of the *trahison des clercs*, complaining that our writers seemed to think and write on a low level. So far as the novelists among the "clercs" are concerned, I am convinced that they will not be more effective merely by dealing with "social problems." A novelist's concern must be primarily with men and women in the act of living. If into this act of living problems intrude, well and good; but, as I see it, the novelist should not begin with social problems and devise characters as illustrations. That, I feel, is what Miss Brittain has done here. All through the book I had the feeling that the approach was the wrong way round. That this is the wrong approach is proved by the fact that books written this way do not survive.

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THE HAT QUESTION



PHOTOGRAPH: STUDIO BUCKLEY



MACQUEEN

A bonnet that is a hood of felt above a tight swathed cap of panne velvet. Aage Thaarup

(Left) There is a high folded crown behind the sharp, upturned brim of Scotts's plaited green hat, which shows the influence of the French Revolution

YOU need a new approach to the hat question this season, for they are different in line, are worn at a different angle and mostly require a change in *coiffure* to look chic. The shallow sailors, the leaves and discs tilted forward, held on by an elastic or ribbon, belong to the past. The hats for this Winter are constructed in a new way, meant to be worn with the assurance of an Edwardian *grande dame*, the verve and elegance of beauties of the French Revolution, or the piquant charm of the Victorians. They are pinned on top of a built-up *coiffure*, or they are pulled on from the nape of the neck from back to front and right down on to the head. They need a bit of mental adjustment before you get used to them but they are going to make your old flat hats look flat. The towering confections that startled us so last year have disappeared. The new hats have height, but it is height used discreetly so that the hat takes the right proportions for the simple lines of the Winter clothes, which, though they have also changed considerably, are still within the scope of the regulations and are still austere.

The hats that are pinned on top of an upswept *coiffure* that is usually inspired by the Edwardians are constructed on a millinery shape to raise them above the head and they are pinned on to the hair through this frame; or they have a form



STUDIO BUCKLEY

Bonnet from Otto Lucas in black moire silk with ear pads of ostrich

of bandeau on the forehead to hold them in position. Bonnets of all kinds are shown, some small and neat like a nurse's or a Salvation Army lassie's, others with the flowers and nodding plumes of the Victorians. Others are Dutch and Flemish in inspiration with wings like a *coif*, or turn back like a sun-bonnet. There are also many hats based on the wide, sharply-upturned, high-folded hats worn in the time of the French Revolution. These are quite large with sweeping brims. They are worn well on the back of the head and are quite different in line from either the toques or the bonnets. They are smart with the hair rolled under, or fit right over an upswept head of hair with curls or a coiled comb on the forehead.

There are two main movements, one when the hat is placed foursquare on top and one when the hat or bonnet slips right back on the head. The first includes all the toques, tricorne, muffins, mushrooms, Cossack caps; the second, the bonnets, skull-caps, haloes, cavalier and dustmask hats. Berets sometimes belong to one, sometimes to the other, but they are always large, round, often squashy as an artist's. The berets and the hats of the Revolution are marvellous for showing off a pretty profile. Some of the bonnets are high with a great loop in felt set above a tight turban in fur, velvet or wool jersey that moulds the head and hair. You can see from the

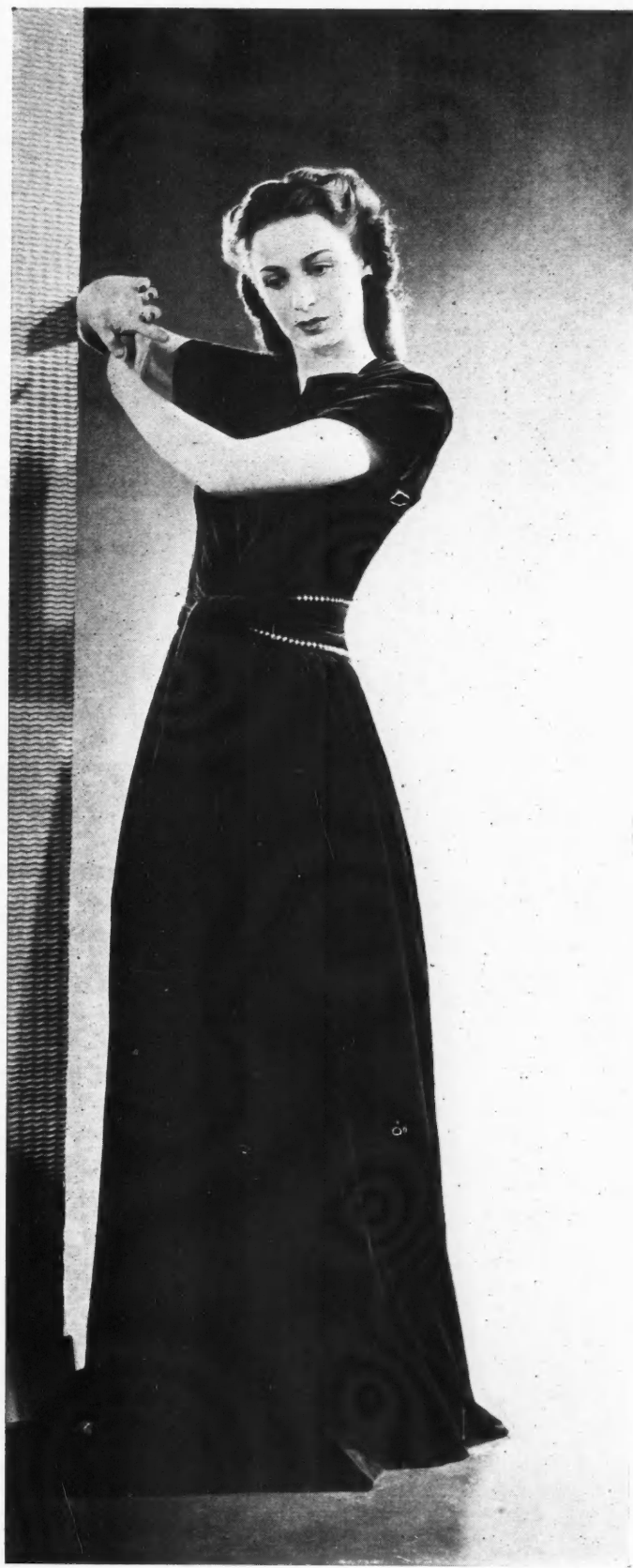


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illustration how very becoming this kind of bonnet can be as Thaarup shows it in panne and felt. Otto Lucas is showing a similar type of hat where the head is tightly bandaged in red wool jersey with a dome of felt above it. Hugh Beresford folds his bonnets up into two peaks with tiny scarlet flowers decorating each, or twists them up high over one eye with coq's feathers cascading down above the other.

AGE THAARUP shows a series of toques, oval-shaped, with deep brims rising up like the prow of a ship and hiding away the small crown inside. He makes them in felt, in panne and velvet with ribbons at the back and sometimes swathes them in veiling. They are meant to be worn on top of a neat upswept *coiffure* to expose the ears and most of the hair. Sometimes the ribbon is looped in front into a huge rosette to rest on the forehead. These toques are extremely becoming and extremely chic. Mr. Thaarup has made the hats for the Jack Buchanan show on the same lines as those for his private collection, but five times as large with exotic feathers and flowers added. They are all in champagne-coloured satin and black—black glycerined feathers, black satin ribbon, black fringe. An enormous bonnet, similar to the one we have photographed, has its champagne satin brim framed in black osprey. A colossal cavalier hat is in the satin with a red rose under the brim and is fixed to a skull-cap of black velvet. The Edwardian toque folded high above the head with black nodding Bird of Paradise sawing the air is being copied as a dinner hat in all black. For his private collection, Thaarup is showing small evening toques of panne velvet in biscuit colour with a pink rose for decoration and mink draped round the brim. High-crowned postillion felts have *choux* of tiny flowers massed in front. High swathed black felt bonnets hide every scrap



PHOTOGRAPH: STUDIO BUCKLEY

Toque in dove-grey felt with a dented crown and coq feathers. Scotts

of hair, need to be worn with exotic earrings and necklaces.

The berets of this Winter are as becoming as ever. They are larger for one thing and made to be adjusted by each wearer at the most becoming angle. One of the smartest is at Scotts's—large and round and worn as an immense disc flat against the right cheek with a long pheasant's feather looped into a great arc on the left side. These pheasant's feathers are being used in both London and Paris to take the place of ribbon. Parisienne bonnets in felt, small and round and pastel-coloured, are worn on the back of the head with two loops of pheasant feathers on the brow. Erik show a beret attached to a headband, that is made to be worn right on the back, the brim of the beret making a halo. Leathercraft are showing small multifiberets in crimson leather which are worn absolutely straight on the forehead and puffed out till they look as thick as possible. Sou'westers in suede are good with tweeds. For town and country wear, there are the dashing high-crowned hats of the French Revolution period with wide brims folded back, Homburgs in felt with high-folded crown, and cocked hats which are worn straight on the head, or tilted back slightly. This fashion is set by the demobbed Service girls who are wearing the cocked hat Scotts have made in their Classic ranges this Winter, at this angle, with their suits, and looking charming in it, Miss Block tells me.

At recent first nights in London, a great number of evening hats have been worn with sleek dark dinner dresses, either short-skirted or to the ankle. These hats, really caps, are made from ribbon and velvet and many of them are a version of the flapper bow showing an elaborate arrangement of loose curls on top and hiding the hair at the back behind great wings of ribbon or velvet. Another type of hat is completely Edwardian, a small toque with flowers or feathers worn with an Edwardian *coiffure*.

P. JOYCE REYNOLDS.

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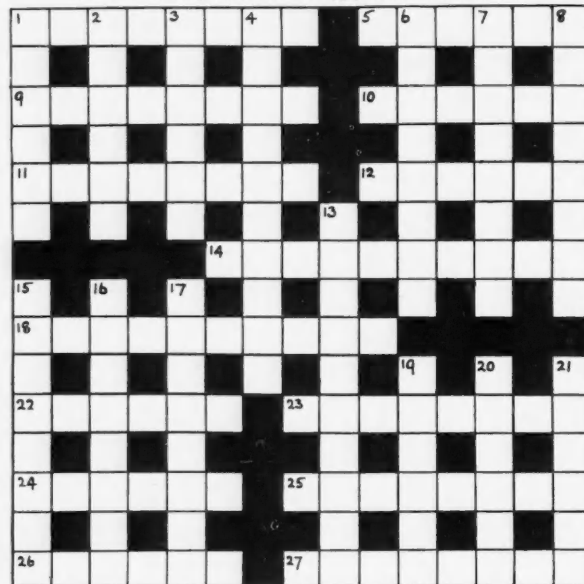


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CROSSWORD No. 817

Two guineas will be awarded for the first correct solution opened. Solutions (in a closed envelope) must reach "Crossword No. 817, COUNTRY LIFE, 2-10, Tavistock Street, Covent Garden, London, W.C.2," not later than the first post on Thursday, September 27, 1945.

NOTE.—This Competition does not apply to the United States.



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(Mr., Mrs., etc.)

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SOLUTION TO No. 816. The winner of this Crossword, the clues of which appeared in the issue of September 14, will be announced next week.

ACROSS.—1 and 6, Crocodile tears; 9, Catherine; 10, Aglet; 11, Sunbath; 12, Integer; 13, Red; 14, Country; 17, Sprites; 19, Leander; 22, Reforms; 24, Ewe; 25, Widowed; 26, Good man; 29, Troll; 30, Commentor; 31, Ranks; 32, Sandy cove. DOWN.—1, Cocks; 2, Often; 3, Overact; 4, Irishry; 5, Eyelids; 6, Tractor; 7, Alligator; 8, Satirists; 14, Cold water; 15, Up and down; 16, Rye; 18, Poe; 20, Dawdles; 21, Reduces; 22, Regiment; 23, Foolery; 27, Motto; 28, Nerve.

ACROSS.

1. Lost and regained by 5 (8)
5. The Lady of Christ's College (6)
9. Ibsen's ornithological specimen (4, 4)
10. Broken garter (6)
11. Ring-tail? (8)
12. Little people who perhaps left 14 on the doorstep (6)
14. Ersatz child? (10)
18. Not the midnight dozen (6, 4)
22. Sygne's are heading for the sea (6)
23. Does it date the wooden shoe? Destroys it, rather (8)
24. Classical prototype of the Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze? (6)
25. Scares (8)
26. Crowd together (6)
27. O, redress! (anagr.) (3, 5)

DOWN.

1. Plover (6)
2. Charge again? (6)
3. Hey, twice before the cat and the fiddle! (6)
4. It may be brand-new on the watch (10)
6. Fancied (8)
7. Qualifies a hurricane (8)
8. Might be said of an inn that gives lodging without board (3, 1, 4)
13. Julian Grenfell's fighting poem (4, 6)
15. Pisces fallen from heaven? (8)
16. Capital bit of country indeed! (8)
17. *Satis superque* for the shopping basket, it seems (8)
19. More needy (6)
20. "I had rather believe all the ——— than that this universal frame is without a mind."—Bacon (6)
21. Eel and ass in a mix-up (6)

The winner of Crossword No. 815 is

Miss Pattullo,
Pound Farm, Wood Street,
Near Guildford, Surrey.

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